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THE PAGEANT OF THE ILLINOIS COUNTRY

BY

WALLACE RICE

18-27378

Consisting of Five Parts, a Sixth Part to be Written from Local History,

Intended for Use Throughout the State in County

and Local Celebrations.

ISSUED BY THE

ILLINOIS CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

[Printed by authority of the State of Illinois.]

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THE PAGEANT OF THE ILLINOIS COUNTRY

SCENE I — THE COURAGE OF TONTY

Persons of the scene:

HENRY DE TONTY, a captain of France.

Father ZENOBE MEMBRÉ, a Recollect friar.

Father GABRIEL RIBOURDE, a Recollect friar.

The Sieur DE BOISRONDET, lieutenant to Tonty.

L'ÉSPERANCE, servant to Tonty.

ÉTIENNE RENAULT, a soldier, lately of Paris.

CHASSAGOAC, chief of the Illinois.

THE ONONDAGA CHIEF.

THE SENECA CHIEF.

THE CAHOKIA.

THE MICHIGAMI.

THE SHAWANOE.

THE MOHAWK.

THE CAYUGA.

Illinois Braves, Squaws, Maidens, Boys, and Girls.

Iroquois Braves, two disguised as Frenchmen.

TRUMPETERS *come forth, upon the instrument of one the Illinois State Banner, upon that of the other the Illinois Centennial Banner, flourish to command attention, and step back to await the close of the Procession.*

From the left of the stage enter the PERSONS OF THE PROCESSION to music, and pass off right, as follows:

Persons of the procession:

The Mound Builders, tall figures in long cloaks, with shrouded faces, bearing aloft a gilded sun in splendor.

Indian Chiefs and Braves, arrayed for war.

French Woodrunners, with light canoes and paddles, with bales of trade goods, and articles of trade, some of them fiddling and capering.

Louis Joliet, with Father Jacques Marquette in his long robe, escorted by a few French Soldiers.

Robert Cavalier Sieur de la Salle and Father Louis Hennepin, followed by Captain Henri de Tonty with more French Soldiers bearing the azure flag of France with golden lilies.

Fathers Zenobe Membré and Gabriel Ribourde in full canonicals, one bearing a cross of boughs, the other the sacred vessels, preceded by Indian Braves with bowed heads and arms crossed upon their breasts, followed by Indian Boys with smoking censers, and by Indian Squaws, Maidens, Boys, and Girls, all singing the "Vexilla Regis."
The Trumpeters close the procession, escorting Prologue. They blow their trumpets as before, and retire.

PROLOGUE

Dark centuries with noiseless steps pace down
 Time's corridors. In silence there are lost
 All who with human eyes first marveled here;
 And gone the very names of those great ones
 Who here from Mother Earth once heaved huge mounds
 In everlasting worship to the skies.
 Then, mark ye, lovers of our Illinois,
 Now met in piety for her dear sake,
 Fair France comes smiling down our azure streams,
 Whose golden lilies spell her ancient flag:
 Hardy woodrunners, merchants sane and wise,
 Soldiers, gentlemen, fearless warriors
 Who, Cross in hand, bring to uncharted lands
 The loving message of an unseen God.
 They find, as fierce as hungry panthers here,
 Restless as bison, hordes of savages
 Painted like fiends, and yet with souls to save.
 These shall ye see and, with them, Tonty see,
 That iron-handed, silver-hearted man,
 The first of all our line to live his life
 Beside the rivers of the Illinois.

As the rising lights discover the scene, they disclose the Indian village as it stood near the present town of Utica in La Salle county, with late summer bright in the air of September in the year 1680. Wigwams, arched and long like the cover of a pioneer wagon, lie to the upper left. Their ends are open, through which may be seen savage men, tattooed and painted, here throwing cherry stones in some gambling game, there drowsing in the heat, here a lover and his maid in blissful silence, there braves attending to their bows and spears. Beyond, squaws are tending the yellowing cornfields, while boys clatter sticks together to keep away the persistent crows. The picture is populous and peaceful.

The wigwam of the French stands left of center, near it a portable forge with various tools about it. Bales of trade goods are piled around. The four French laymen are busy in and out of their lodge, arranging their belongings.

Indian children, the girls with stalks of maize, the boys with sticks which they clatter to the rhythm of the chant, come down and dance the corn dance, singing the while.

THE BOYS

We scare off the cawing crows
Where the ripening cornstalk grows—
Not a grain for a greedy maw,
Rattling sticks, as the crows cry "Caw."

THE GIRLS

We bring home the tasseled ear;
Shock and shuck and make good cheer;
Then we grind for the brave and squaw,
Pound and grind, as the crows cry "Caw."

THE BOYS AND GIRLS

Dance and sing for the yellow corn;
So are peace and plenty born;
Never famine and hunger gnaw;
Dance and sing, as the crows cry "Caw."

[A young Cahokia comes to the French lodge, bearing in his hands a lump of soft coal.]

THE CAHOKIA. Captain de Tonty, I bring to thee a stone, black like the crow, that burneth like dry wood of the forest.

[TONTY takes the lump of coal from the CAHOKIA, and with the other FRENCHMEN rises and goes to the front of the lodge to examine it.]

TONTY. Why, it is coal; a soft kind of sea coal that dirties the fingers *(to the Cahokia)*—my fingers, not thine. *(Handing it to Boissrondet)*. Here, dirty thine with it, lieutenant.

BOISSRONDET. It is of a certainty sea coal, captain. And will it burn?

RENAULT. Why not try it in the forge, captain?

TONTY. A good thought. Take it and try it, L'Espérance.

[The FOUR go over to the forge, and L'ESPÉRANCE begins working the bellows.]

L'ESPÉRANCE. There is fire still here. See, it burns.

RENAULT. Ah, but it hath an evil smell. There be places in Paris that smell thus.

BOISSRONDET. Many have left Paris for less.

TONTY. Vesuvius smelleth so when he smelleth ill. *(To the Cahokia)*. Where gottest thou this?

THE CAHOKIA. There be pits of it by the Arimoni, the river which floweth red, whence it cometh.

L'ESPÉRANCE. It seemeth to make a hot fire.

BOISSRONDET. But an ill smelling fire. It smelleth like an Indian be-times.

TONTY. Nay, Boisrondet; not so ill as that.

RENAULT. Ha! I smell one now. He smelleth near.

[CHASSAGOAC comes to them. The CAHOKIA goes away.]

TONTY. Now the greetings of a fine September morn to thee, O Chief Chassagoac.

CHASSAGOAC. The sun smileth in the sky, the corn smileth to the shock, and thou smilest like them, O Captain de Tonty.

TONTY. Thy words befit the sun and sky, O chief, for they, too, smile; and so doth the coal here upon the forge.

CHASSAGOAC. Ah, the black stone of fire! It giveth heat a-plenty, but it smelleth ill in the lodge fire; the more if rain chance to be falling. Ha, what is this!

[*There is an outcry, right, taken up by several voices, and the village begins instantly to stir. The BOYS, GIRLS, SQUAWS, and several of the older WARRIORS rise and run toward it. The group at the forge screen their eyes and gaze in the direction of the disturbance.*]

BOISRONDET. One in hot haste paddleth across the river.

CHASSAGOAC. He giveth the sign of war and a hastening enemy. Aho, my braves, aho-ho-ho!

[*The BRAVES, seizing their weapons, come running to him, the CAHOKIA and MICHIGAMI with them.*]

THE CAHOKIA. He is not an Illinois, O Chassagoac.

THE MICHIGAMI. It is my friend the Shawanoe. He hath been to the lodges of his fathers near the rising sun afar.

MANY VOICES. The Iroquois! The Iroquois!

CHASSAGOAC. The Iroquois come, and alas! a-many of my young warriors are far away; they have taken the war-path toward the setting sun.

MANY VOICES (*as the crowd gathers*). The Iroquois are upon us. Our best warriors are gone.

A VOICE (*above the rest*). The French have done this. We are betrayed.

MANY VOICES. The French are traitors and spies. The French betray us.

SQUAWS (*running in from the fields*). The French betray us. Burn them! Torture them!

THE SHAWANOE (*running in from the right*). O Chassagoac, the Iroquois come! (*His words are taken up and repeated*). The Miamis come with them. There be a score of scores of Iroquois and fivescore more. There be fivescore Miamis. They have thunder-and-lightning sticks. They have long knives of the steel that biteth like fire.

THE MICHIGAMI. It is the French who have given them these.

SQUAWS. The French betray us. Burn them! Torture them!

THE SHAWANOE. Aye: there be French with them—two in French garments. Aye; and one is a Long Robe and one is La Salle himself.

BOISRONDDET. Thou liest, thou dog! Thy tongue is forked like the snake's.

TONTY. Silence, young sir! Our lives hang on a word.

BOISRONDDET. Ah, but the lie—a priest—and La Salle!

[The crown of INDIANS surges toward the FRENCH, who take a step toward them with ready weapons.]

CHASSAGOAC. *(stepping between)*. Touch them not! They are the friends and countrymen of my friend, the Sieur de la Salle.

[Baffled in their attack, BRAVES and SQUAWS seize the forge, the tools, the bales of French goods and run off with them, right.]

BRAVES and SQUAWS *(as they run)*. To the river! To the river!

RENAULT. I have seen little worse in Paris.

L'ESPÉRANCE. There goeth the forge. Ah, they have burnt themselves with the coal. Good!

TONTY. What the French thief did not steal, the Indian fool destroyeth.

BRAVES and SQUAWS *(running back)*. The French betray us. Burn them! Torture them!

BOISRONDDET. Canst thou not bespeak them with fair words, my captain?

TONTY *(making himself heard)*. No French are with the Iroquois.

MANY VOICES. There are! There are! The Shawanoe saw them.

TONTY. No Shawanoe saw them, for no French are with the Iroquois. The French are with the Illinois. The French are with the Illinois—here—now. Do French fight with French? See, we will fight with you against the Iroquois.

CHASSAGOAC. Hear the great words of the French captain. He will fight with the Illinois against the Iroquois.

TONTY *(to the Shawanoe)*. Thou fool, if a dog of an Iroquois weareth a hat, and another dog of an Iroquois weareth a long robe, are these made French thereby? Thine eyes are the eyes of a mole. Go to the hawk and get thee seeing eyes. The proof? We, the French, go to fight against the Iroquois.

[The SHAWANOE is abashed, and hands are raised to strike him as he slinks out of the crowd.]

CHASSAGOAC *(holding up Tonty's gloved hand)*. See, ye braves, here is the hand of magic that fights for the Illinois; who can withstand it? The eagles with the eagles will fight the ravening wolves. Dance the dance of war therefore. *(To the Cahokia)*. Do thou take men and bear

a watch against the coming of the wolves. And now, ye eagles, to the dance!

[The CAHOKIA takes several BRAVES and goes out, right. The FRENCH go to their lodge and prepare for battle, loading their muskets, seeing to the sharpness of their swords, and the like. The tom-toms begin to beat, and the ILLINOIS BRAVES, the SQUAWS howling an accompaniment, begin to dance and sing.]

THE ILLINOIS

This poor form
I cast away,
Thus become
Lacking fear.
Aho-ho-ho!

As the sun
Is clear at morn
May I shine
Clear and bright.
Aho-ho-ho!

Now seek I
The path of war.
Skies are fair—
On I go.
Aho-ho-ho!

Manitou,
O hear my prayer:
Bring my arm
Victory.
Aho-ho-ho!

[There is an outcry, right, and the CAHOKIA and his BRAVES run in from the right, breathless.]

THE CAHOKIA. The Iroquois are upon us!

THE BRAVES. The Iroquois are upon us! The Iroquois are here!

THE CAHOKIA. Two of the Iroquois wear French garments. But they are not French; they are Iroquois.

CHASSAGOAC. French do not fight with French. But the magic hand will fight with the French against the Iroquois.

[The ILLINOIS align themselves, left, in front of their lodges, the SQUAWS and BOYS and GIRLS behind the BRAVES, the FRENCH with CHASSAGOAC in their center. The SQUAWS begin to wail.]

[Enter, right, the IROQUOIS, who take the lower right of the stage and begin to sing and dance.]

THE IROQUOIS

Eagles dart
Thro' the sky;
Fièrce their heart,
Loud their cry.
Red their claw,
Red their beak,
Wide their crawl—
Hear them shriek!

Tempests roar
On their breath;
Sweeping o'er,
Bringing death.
Eagle War,
Red mine ire,
Screaming for
Blood and fire!

CHASSAGOAC. Howl, ye wolves, while ye may. Soon shall be whine and whimper. For we are the eagles, not ye, ye wolves!

THE ONONDAGA CHIEF. Eagles? Ye! Ye are but the green bitterns that fly up the creek. Full soon shall ye fly, afeared.

THE SENECA CHIEF. Aye, we are the wolves, and we are come to gnaw your bones.

[With wild whoops and much brandishing of weapons, the ILLINOIS and the IROQUOIS rush at one another, but do not actually engage. They retreat a step.]

TONTY *(to Boisrondet)*. It will fare ill with our friends. The Iroquois and Miamis have six hundred braves, and the young warriors of the Illinois are far away. I must bespeak them before it is too late. Chief Chassagoac, give me the sacred wampum. Come, Boisrondet, and thou too, young Cahokia.

[TONTY gives his sword to RENAULT, his musket to L'ESPÉRANCE, takes the wampum from CHASSAGOAC and, holding it aloft, advances between the ILLINOIS and IROQUOIS.]

BOISRONDET. Oh, go not forth, my captain. It is death.

TONTY. Death is for those that wait, as for those that do.

BOISRONDET. Then will I die with thee.

TONTY. Ho, ye Iroquois, make ye war with France? Ho, ye Iroquois, make ye war with the Sieur de la Salle? Ho, ye Senecas, ye Onondagas, ye Oneidas, ye Cayugas, ye Mohawks, ye Miamis, make ye war with Onontio, the Mountain?

[As TONTY, BOISRONDET, and the CAHOKIA advance, several of the IROQUOIS drop to one knee and level their muskets at them.]

THE MOHAWK. He is but an Illinois. Shoot him!

THE CAYUGA. Nay, his ears are not pierced. He is a Frenchman.

TONTY. Go back, Boisrondet. Go back, young Cahokia. It is enough that I shall be slain.

[The CAHOKIA runs back to the Illinois, capering.]

BOISRONDET. Oh, but, my captain, I may not leave thee, now.

TONTY. Go! I command.

[BOISRONDET walks slowly back, facing the Iroquois, his musket ready to level.]

BOISRONDET. I had never thought to leave him.

[The IROQUOIS BRAVES cluster about TONTY, threateningly.]

THE IROQUOIS BRAVES. Slay him! Burn him! Torture him!

THE MOHAWK *(stabbing TONTY from the side)*. Die like a dog.

TONTY *(recovering and holding up the wampum)*. Know, ye Iroquois, that ye are at peace with France. Know, ye Iroquois, that France hath taken the Illinois to be her children. Know, ye Iroquois, that as ye are peace with France, so must ye be at peace with the Illinois. Know, ye Iroquois, that Tonty, the friend of the Sieur de la Salle, speaketh.

THE SENECA CHIEF. How sayest thou so? Art thou not an Illinois?

THE ONONDAGA CHIEF. Are the ears of an Illinois unpierced, O chief? See with thine own eyes.

THE SENECA CHIEF. It is true. His ears are unpierced.

[The MOHAWK, *pulled away by the CAYUGA, returns, grabs Tonty's hat from his head and raises it on his musket aloft. The ILLINOIS and IROQUOIS begin prancing and whooping again at the front. The CAYUGA pulls down the hat and musket, and strikes at the MOHAWK. As the hat comes down, the demonstration at the front ceases.*

THE ONONDAGA CHIEF. O Mohawk, set back the Frenchman's hat. It is thy life if thou touchest him again. I am his friend.

TONTY. As there is no war between France and the Iroquois, so there must be no war between the Iroquois and the Illinois, O ye Iroquois chieftains.

THE SENECA CHIEF. How sayest thou so, O Frenchman? Who shall say nay to the panther on the trail of blood and a-hungered?

TONTY. If thou wilt have war, O Seneca chief, know that threescore scores of Illinois braves await thee. If thou must have war, O Seneca chief, know that threescore Frenchmen have been sent for and are coming over yonder ridge. Darest thou war with mighty France?

THE ONONDAGA CHIEF. This is the friend of the Sieur de la Salle, O Seneca chief, and I am the friend of the Sieur de La Salle, as thou knowest. I am, then, the friend of this Frenchman here.

[*The MOHAWK, again creeping up on TONTY, lifts his hair with one hand, his scalping knife ready in the other. THE ONONDAGA CHIEF strikes him down with his knife.*

THE CAYUGA (*also knifing the Mohawk*). Thy death be on thine own head.

THE ONONDAGA CHIEF. Die, thou fool! Didst thou not hear me say I am his friend. Take forth the carrion and throw it in the river.

[*IROQUOIS BRAVES take up the Mohawk's body and bear it off, right.*

THE SENECA CHIEF. Sayest thou, O Frenchman, that the Illinois have threescore scores of braves hereabouts?

TONTY. So say I, O Seneca chief. Said not thy scouts the like?

THE SENECA CHIEF. Sayest thou that there be threescore of thy Frenchmen over yonder ridge?

TONTY. Not many paces beyond yonder ridge they were encamped, O Seneca chief, and one of my young men ran out to fetch them as thou camest.

THE ONONDAGA CHIEF. What mattereth it, O Seneca chief, if we be not at war with France and with my friends, the sons of France, the Sieur de la Salle and this brave man here? See, he is wounded sore.

[*TONTY, fainting from loss of blood, sinks down. THE ONONDAGA CHIEF and the CAYUGA minister to him.*

THE SENECA CHIEF. It was in my heart to gnaw upon the bones of these Illinois here; but how shall the panther bite upon the rock of Onontio, the Mountain?

THE ONONDAGA CHIEF. Why bring the blood of thine own people upon their shaven heads by fighting here with France?

THE SENECA CHIEF. I am not minded to fight threescore Frenchmen here. But thinkest thou there be so many beyond yonder ridge?

THE ONONDAGA CHIEF. This Frenchman saith as much; and he is the friend of my friend, the Sieur de la Salle.

THE SENECA CHIEF. Thinkest thou there be so many Illinois braves as he hath said?

THE ONONDAGA CHIEF. I know not, nor do I care. It is already too much that he, with the sacred wampum in his keeping, hath been wounded by thy hand.

THE SENECA CHIEF. It was a Mohawk struck the blow, and none of mine. Moreover, he is dead by thine own hand. It is enough.

[TONTY raises himself with his INDIAN FRIENDS' aid, and stands erect, weak of body but strong of will.]

THE ONONDAGA CHIEF. Thou art a brave man and a fearless, O Frenchman, and it is fitting that thou art a friend to the Sieur de la Salle and to me. (*To the Seneca Chief*). Is he not free to go?

THE SENECA CHIEF. Thou art free to go, O Frenchman; and these Illinois that are thy children and the children of the Sieur de la Salle and of Onontio and of France shall not have their bones gnawed by me and my braves—not now.

TONTY. The skies smiled earlier upon me, O Seneca chief, and now meseemeth the sun smileth again in thy words.

THE SENECA CHIEF. Aho-ho-ho, ye warriors! The path of war is not for us this day; these Illinois are the children of this brave man and of France. So on to the path of peace once more.

[*There are much expostulation, explanation, and murmuring as the IROQUOIS begin to file out, right, slowly, brandishing their weapons at the Illinois.*]

THE SENECA CHIEF. Yet will I give thee my hand, O Frenchman. Thy wound is none of my making, but it hath proved thee brave.

THE ONONDAGA CHIEF. I will give thee aid to thy fellows, O Frenchman. Come, give help.

[*The CAYUGA comes at the word, and the two hold TONTY up as he walks feebly toward the Illinois.*]

[*Fathers MEMBRÉ and RIBOURDE, who have come down, left, come with BOISRONDÉ to meet him. They take him from the two IROQUOIS and lead him to his lodge.*]

THE CAYUGA. Thou art a brave man, and my brother.

THE ONONDAGA CHIEF. Thou art a brave man, and the brother of all brave men.

TONTY. I give you my hearty thanks, for your words and for your kindness, O Onondaga chief and Cayuga warrior. Ye have staunched my wound thereby.

FATHER MEMBRÉ. Oh, my son, my gallant son, art thou sorely wounded—near to death? God be praised that there is still a little life in thee!

TONTY. I am a very live dead man, my father. It is but a scratch, though the loss of blood leaveth me weak.

BOISRONDET. Oh, my captain, I had not thought to see thee alive this day! God be praised for thy safety!

FATHER RIBOURDE. Thou art the bravest of men, my son; and I have a sovereign remedy that will staunch thy blood, once we have thee in thy lodge. God be praised it is no worse!

CHASSAGOAC. Captain de Tonty, I and all my tribes owe thee their lives this day. Thou art as the sun and moon to the harvest.

TONTY. Say not so, Chief Chassagoac. I did no more than thy friend, the Sieur de la Salle, would have had me do.

[The ILLINOIS part respectfully as TONTY is helped to his lodge and laid therein, Father RIBOURDE remaining to tend his hurt.]

CHASSAGOAC. He is a brave man, this son of thine.

FATHER MEMBRÉ. It is his Faith doth make him brave, O Chief.

CHASSAGOAC. So it may be. So it may be. Yet were we brave before thou camest.

BOISRONDET. And he would not suffer me to risk my life for him, with all my willingness.

CHASSAGOAC. Bravery maketh others brave, even as cowardice breedeth cowards. Thou hast thy captain's heart.

FATHER RIBOURDE (*coming from the lodge*). The blood is fully staunched, and our captain resteth easily and with but little pain.

FATHER MEMBRÉ. Now let us give hearty thanks to the good God who hath saved the life of our friend and the lives of all of us this day.

THE FRENCHMEN

We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud; the heavens, and all the powers therein.

To Thee, cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of Thy Glory.

CHASSAGOAC. Ho, ye warriors! Ho, ye warriors! Dance we the dance of victory.

[The tom-toms sound. The BRAVES dance in the center, the SQUAWS to the left, and the BOYS and GIRLS to the right, all singing, CHASSAGOAC leading and the rest in chorus.]

CHASSAGOAC

Fled are the foe,
Fearful they go.

Arrow and spear
Fill them with fear.

Sharp is the knife,
Quick at their life.

Dreading our ire,
Flee they like fire.

Quickly they die,
Fear in their eye.

CHORUS

Fled are the foe,
Fearful they go.

Fled are the foe,
Fearful they go.

Fled are the foe,
Fearful they go.

Fled are the foe,
Fearful they go.

Fled are the foe,
Fearful they go.

(CURTAIN)

PART II — THE FREEING OF ILLINOIS

Persons of the scene:

Father PIERRE GIBAUT, parish priest,
 PHILIPPE DE ROCHEBLAVE, commandant at Fort Gage,
 MADAME DE ROCHEBLAVE, wife to the commandant,
 LOUIS BRAZOT, of the militia,
 MADAME BRAZOT, wife to Louis,
 JEROME CRELI, of the militia,
 THE FRENCH ELDERS,
 HABITANTS, men, women, and children.
 NEGRO SLAVES, men, women, and children, all of Kaskaskia.
 GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, lieutenant-colonel commanding,
 JOSEPH BOWMAN, captain,
 WILLIAM HARROD, captain,
 LEONARD HELM, captain,
 JOHN MONTGOMERY, captain,
 SHADRACH BOND, sr., private,
 DANIEL HENRY, private,
 BORDERMEN, all of the Virginia Expeditionary Force.

TRUMPETERS *come forth and flourish, as before.*

Enter, as before, the PERSONS OF THE PROCESSION, as follows:

Persons of the procession:

Major Pierre d'Artaguet, Father Sénat, and soldiers of the Royal
 Marine Regiment, with the French standard.
 A wedding party of the French aristocracy at Fort de Chartres.
 Philippe François de Renault, with Dominican Negroes.
 Pontiac, with Braves of the Ottawas, Illinois, Pottawatomis, Wyandots,
 Chippewas, Miamis and Senecas.
 Captain Thomas Stirling, and Soldiers of the Black Watch, and Major
 Robert Farmer and Soldiers of the Border Regiment, with the British
 standard.
 French habitants in a christening party.

PROLOGUE *enters, as before.*

PROLOGUE

The heavy cloud of unremembered years
 Rises, and we of many modern troubles
 Look back as on a golden age forgone.
 Here, once, upon a flowery turf were known

Music and innocent mirth in dance and song,
 With fond content, smiling at eark and care.
 Hither, adown our lakes and rivers glide
 From distant Montreal the carolling
 Voyagers, while from newer Orleans come
 The bravery and beauty of Versailles.
 Leaving a troublous heritage of slaves,
 France, feudal France, here sparkled for a time,
 As fireflies twinkle thro' a starlit eve.
 The Indians found peace—a miracle!—
 Ere Pontiac made himself an uncrowned king,
 And Britain's sullen monarch trod his path
 Of petty tyrannies toward maddening fate,
 Inflaming our frontiers again with fire
 And blood, until Virginia comes in pride,
 As ye shall see, good people all, what time
 Our Illinois is made American.

It is the fine moonlit night of the Fourth of July, 1778, in old Kaskaskia. The common before the parish church of St. Mary is shown, paths going out on either side of it, and on the left the rose-clad cottages of the habitants, while Fort Gage protrudes a salient, within which the British ensign of the period is hanging, just within a practicable gate.

LOUIS BRAZOT is doing sentry duty before the gate, while the COMMANDANT and PARISH PRIEST converse at a little distance.

ROCHEBLAVE. I trust you have kept hatred of the Americans alive in the hearts of your flock, Father Gibault.

GIBAULT. Indeed yes, monsieur the commandant. I have told them of the long knives which all Americans carry.

ROCHEBLAVE. With which they cut off the heads of innocent women and children?

GIBAULT. Yes, monsieur the commandant; that they murder and massacre all.

ROCHEBLAVE. And that they take scalps, even from living heads, Father Pierre?

GIBAULT. Yes, monsieur; that their belts are dangling with such scalps; and that those they leave unslain they carry off into cruel slavery.

ROCHEBLAVE. And that they steal and plunder, taking all that they find, even things worthless to themselves, or else destroying them, burning the houses?

GIBAULT. Yes, monsieur; and that they are very violent toward our holy religion.

ROCHEBLAVE. Robbing all churches of their sacred vessels and vestments, and fouling them with ridicule of our holiest ceremonies, father?

GIBAULT. Yes, monsieur; and that they force our men and women to deny their religion on pain of death.

ROCHEBLAVE. And that they torture, even burn at the stake, those who remain faithful?

GIBAULT. Oh, yes, monsieur. And my flock, though perhaps I should not say it, has no great love for martyrdom, whether speedy or slow.

BRAZOT. Ten o'clock and all is well of a fine July night.

ROCHEBLAVE. All that is good, very good. I judge that our good people of Kaskasia will not welcome these Americans with their long knives.

GIBAULT. Indeed not, monsieur. I think that they fear death less than these Americans.

ROCHEBLAVE. Madame my wife awaits me. You have done well, Father Gibault, you have done well. I give you a good night.

GIBAULT. Thank you, monsieur. May your slumbers, and those of madame your wife, be quite untroubled, monsieur.

ROCHEBLAVE. I thank you, father. Good night.

GIBAULT. Good night, monsieur the commandant.

BRAZOT (*saluting the commandant at the gate*). Monsieur the commandant, may I inform you that it is ten o'clock?

ROCHEBLAVE. I heard you say as much, Louis. I will admit that it is ten o'clock.

BRAZOT. Well, monsieur the commandant?

ROCHEBLAVE. Well, Louis?

BRAZOT. I have a wife awaiting me at home, monsieur the commandant.

ROCHEBLAVE. Plague take your wife, Brazot! Think you she will not live if you lay not your carcase beside hers of a night?

BRAZOT. She is very fearful of the coming of the Long Knives, monsieur the commandant.

ROCHEBLAVE. Oh, very well, Brazot; but tell her you have more cause to fear the fires of eternity than them. Take your musket home with you, so they will not capture it. And I see you have forgotten to lower the flag again, Brazot, confound you!

BRAZOT. Thank you, monsieur the commandant. Good night, monsieur the commandant. (*Under his breath*). Confound you, monsieur the commandant! [*Shakes his fist at the retreating figure of his superior officer*].

GIBAULT. Has he gone?

BRAZOT. Yes, father.

GIBAULT. What think you of your British commandant, Louis?

BRAZOT. I may say to you, father, that I think he is a very poor Englishman, and an even poorer Frenchman.

GIBAULT. And what of his wishing the plague upon your good wife, Louis?

BRAZOT. Oh, it is in his way—he is very violent at times. Now if he had wished her dumb; that would have been a wish!

GIBAULT. The good God gave her speech, Louis, and it was for the benefit of your soul.

BRAZOT. Doubtless, father, it is for the benefit of my soul; I'm sure it can be for nothing else. And yet she is better than the wife of the commandant, the Lord save her soul!

GIBAULT. Good night, Louis. May she not waken when you go to her!

BRAZOT. Thank you, father; that is a kind wish—but she will. Good night.

[Father GIBAULT goes down past the church, left. BRAZOT enters the first house, left. There is immediately heard loud and protracted talk from MADAME BRAZOT within.]

[Enter, from the right of the church, CLARK, BOWMAN, HELM, BOND, HENRY, and other BORDERMEN, preceded and accompanied by much barking of dogs.]

CLARK. Condemn those beasts! They'd wake the dead, Captain Bowman.

BOWMAN. I hear a woman's voice, Colonel Clark.

CLARK. Perhaps it is just as well. A thunder storm could not be heard with that woman and the dogs going it together.

BOWMAN. Captains Montgomery and Harrod must have reached their stations above the village by this time, colonel.

CLARK. I judge so, captain. You had best take station behind the church, Captain Helm.

HELM. Shall I stay with Captain Bowman?

CLARK. That will be well, captain. I will enter the fort, and when we have the garrison to rights, we will give a loud huzza.

HELM. Which we shall take as your order to charge, colonel.

BOWMAN. Giving loud huzzas in return.

[BOWMAN and HELM exeunt by the right of the church.]

HENRY *(after reconnoitering)*. The gate of the fort is open and unguarded, colonel.

CLARK. That is lucky. Forward, men. Careful now. Fall in behind. I go first. March.

[One by one the BORDERMEN pass through the gate. There is a moment of silence as the last man passes. Then the voices of ROCHEBLAVE and MADAME DE ROCHEBLAVE are heard in violent expostulation within.]

HENRY *(dragging out Creli)*. Here, garrison, hand me your weapons.

CRELI *(in abject fear)*. Oh, monsieur, I have none. Spare me!

HENRY *(searching him and finding a pistol)*. Isn't that a weapon? or isn't it?

CRELI *(kneeling)*. Oh, monsieur, do not shoot me! Even if the pistol is not loaded, do not shoot me!

HENRY. How can I shoot you with an unloaded pistol? It hasn't so much as a flint in it.

[The loud talking of the ROCHEBLAVES grows louder as CLARK, his sword in hand, brings ROCHEBLAVE out through the gate, his wife shrieking behind, and the BORDERMEN following. The ROCHEBLAVES are slightly clad.]

ROCHEBLAVE. May the plague seize upon you, villain! May the small-pox scourge you, infamous! May dogs feed on the bones of your fathers, you cockroach!

MADAME ROCHEBLAVE. What do you mean, you night-skulker, by entering the room of a lady at this time of night? How dare you, you peasant, with your canaille?

CLARK. Madame, return to your room speedily; you are unclad.

MADAME ROCHEBLAVE *(taking a hasty glance at her disarray and rushing back through the gate discomfited)*. Another insult from this villain! When was woman ever so insulted before?

CLARK *(wiping his forehead)*. Well, she's gone; thank Heaven!

ROCHEBLAVE. You seek to frighten me with your long knife, you scum of civilization! You cockroach and the son of cockroaches—

CLARK. Enough. Gag him, men.

[The BORDERMEN seize ROCHEBLAVE and cover his mouth, as he struggles violently.]

HENRY. He's a good fighter.

CLARK. Take him to the dungeon and put him in chains.

[The BORDERMEN carry ROCHEBLAVE out through the gate, still struggling and howling imprecations whenever their hands are taken from his mouth.]

HENRY. We haven't given those huzzas yet, colonel.

CLARK. I should have forgotten my name between the pair of them. Attention, men. Now, three loud huzzas.

BORDERMEN. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

[The cheer is echoed loudly from those within the Fort, and is taken up behind the church and off stage, left.]

[Enter, preceded by frightened VILLAGERS, men, women, and children, French and Negro, hastily attired, BOWMAN and BORDERMEN from the left, HELM and his men from the right of the church, MONTGOMERY and his men from the left lower entrance, and HARROD and his men from between the cottages, left.]

[Doors of the cottages open and close again. The scene is one of extreme confusion, the VILLAGERS showing every sign of fright, and appealing to the officers and men for mercy. Father GIBAULT comes after.]

[The BORDERMEN line the square, the VILLAGERS in the center.]

CLARK. Silence! Men, draw your knives.

[As the knives come out, there is instant silence, broken by occasional sobs from the women and children.]

GIBAULT *(coming forward)*. Oh, monsieur—

[He merges himself with the villagers.]

CLARK *(waving him aside)*. One moment. Captain Bowman, Captain Helm, see that the French give up their weapons. Captain Harrod, Captain Montgomery, take details and search the houses for arms.

[The VILLAGERS give up a knife or pistol here and there. Those in the houses are brought out, some with muskets.]

HARROD *(knocking loudly at Brazot's door)*. Bring out your arms! Within there, bring out your arms!

BRAZOT *(coming out with his musket)*. Oh, do not kill me, monsieur!

MADAME BRAZOT *(emerging and pushing Harrod to one side)*. Don't you dare kill him! He's my man. He isn't any good, but he's my man and I say you shan't—

CLARK. Silence! Where is the priest?

GIBAULT *(coming forward)*. Here am I, monsieur; Father Pierre Gibault, at your service.

CLARK. Tell your people to return to their houses for the night, Father Jeboth. Tell them that they are on no account to leave them. Guards will be placed to see that my orders are obeyed. On no account will a single person venture outside of the village. You will all be safe if you obey orders—for the present, at least.

GIBAULT. Yes, monsieur. Thank you, monsieur. *(To the villagers)*. My poor children, you may go again to your houses, and there you must stay. If you try to leave the village, you will be shot; therefore do not leave the village. Monsieur the ——?

CLARK. Colonel Clark, sir; Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, of Virginia.

GIBAULT. Monsieur the Colonel Clark says that if you obey orders you will not be shot; therefore obey orders.

THE FRENCH. We will, father. We will, Monsieur the Colonel Clark. We truly will.

CLARK. Officers, see that they return to their houses. Station guards on all the roads leading from Kaskaskia.

[Preceded by details of BORDERMEN, the VILLAGERS leave by the several entrances, or go into their cottages, as the case may be. Other BORDERMEN follow them out.]

MADAME BRAZOT. Will they kill my man in the morning, colonel? Oh, will they kill my man in the morning, captain? Oh, is my man to be killed in the morning, lieutenant?

BRAZOT. Of a certainty they will kill me if you don't stop talking, Toinette. *(MADAME BRAZOT stops instantly and goes into the house)*. I have never known her to be so hushed before. Of a certainty these Americans are mighty men.

[Exit BRAZOT into his house.]

CLARK. Father Jeboth, you will come to me in the morning with your elders, the leading men of the village.

GIBAULT. Thank you, monsieur the colonel. We will come to you in the morning, monsieur, of a certainty, monsieur. Good night, monsieur.

[Exit Father GIBAULT past the church, left.]

CLARK. Good night, Father Jeboth. Henry, stand guard. Bond, relieve him at three o'clock. Good night.

HENRY. Good night, colonel.

[CLARK and BOND exeunt into the Fort. The lights dim and go out for a moment, then slowly brighten into morning. BOND is seen on guard, where Henry had been.]

[Enter, left, Captain HELM.]

HELM. Good morning, Shadrach.

BOND. Good morning, Captain Helm. We made a good night of it.

HELM. Didn't we? Did you ever see anybody so frightened?

BOND. The colonel is a marvel when it comes to handling men.

HELM. And women, too—all but Mrs Rocheblave.

BOND. Well, he shut her up, too, in the end. But I never heard such a talker.

HELM. Here he comes now.

CLARK *(entering from the Fort)*. Good morning, captain. Good morning, Shadrach.

BOTH. Good morning, colonel.

HELM. A good night's work, colonel.

CLARK. All but the papers of the Fort, captain. While the commandant's lady was talking she managed to hide the papers, though for

the life of me I can't see how she talked as she did and did anything else at the same time. But I can't find a trace of them.

BOND. I think she hid 'em in her trunk, colonel. She was talking so that I couldn't do much but listen, but I think so.

CLARK. Well, we can't look into a lady's trunk. I may question him about it, though. Captain Helm, you go with Bond and bring him up. Ah, here come Father Jeboth and his elders.

[HELM and BOND *exeunt through the gate*. ROCHEBLAVE'S voice is heard in imprecation.

CLARK. Gag him, men!

[*The voice is silenced*. FATHER GIBAULT and SIX ELDERLY MEN, who have entered from the left of the church, come forward.

THE FRENCHMEN. Good morning, Monsieur the Colonel Clark. Oh, monsieur, be pitiful!

[*They bow low and hold out supplicating hands*.

CLARK. Good morning, Father Jeboth. Good morning, gentlemen. You have something to say to me?

THE FRENCHMEN (*speaking at once*). Oh, yes, monsieur. Spare us, monsieur. Leave us our lives, monsieur. Do not slay our wives, monsieur. Have mercy on our little children, monsieur.

CLARK. Gentlemen, gentlemen; let your priest speak. Father Jeboth?

GIBAULT. Oh, Monsieur the Colonel Clark, be merciful to us; and before we are separated for ever, permit us to enter the church of Our Lady that we may commend our lives to a merciful God.

CLARK. Gentlemen, Americans do not interfere with the beliefs of others; but let every one worship God according to his conviction of duty. You may assemble in your church as you will.

THE FRENCHMEN (*in chorus*). Oh, thank you, monsieur. Thank you, Monsieur the Colonel Clark. Thank you, monsieur.

GIBAULT (*emboldened*). And, Monsieur the Colonel Clark, will you not spare, if not our own lives, the lives of our women and children? And will you not leave them so much of food and clothing and shelter as will save them from starvation and the elements when we are gone?

CLARK. What, gentlemen, do you mistake us for savages? Do you think Americans will strip women and children and take the bread out of their mouths? My countrymen disdain to make war on helpless innocence. It was to protect our own wives and children that we penetrated the wilderness and subjugated this stronghold of British and Indian barbarity, and not for the despicable object of plunder.

[Several VILLAGERS, followed by BORDERMEN, enter from the various paths and from the houses, and gather around.

THE FRENCHMEN. Oh, thank you, monsieur. Thank you, Monsieur the Colonel Clark. Thank you, monsieur.

CLARK. We do not war against Frenchmen. The King of France, your former ruler, is the ally of the colonies; his fleet and armies are fighting our battles, and the war must shortly terminate.

GIBAULT. Monsieur the Colonel Clark, you tell us that His Majesty Louis the Fifteenth has sent his fleet and armies to fight for the Americans?

CLARK. Certainly, Father Jeboth. Word of it was brought to us from Virginia before we came into the Illinois country.

GIBAULT. It is very good news to us, Monsieur the Colonel Clark.

[There are much bowing and smiling and tacit congratulation among the Frenchmen and the villagers about.]

CLARK. Embrace whichever side you deem best, gentlemen, and enjoy your religion, for American law respects the believers of every creed and protects them in their rights.

THE FRENCHMEN. Oh, thank you, monsieur. Thank you, Monsieur the Colonel Clark. Thank you, monsieur.

CLARK. And now, to convince you of my sincerity, go and inform the inhabitants that they can dismiss their fears concerning their property and friends; that they can conduct themselves as usual, and that their friends who are in confinement shall immediately be released.

[There is a general chorus of thanks and loud huzzas. Many VILLAGERS take up the cry and run out rejoicing. Father GIBAULT and his elders ceremoniously bow to Clark, and enter the church, whence presently is heard the "Adeste Fideles." VILLAGERS enter, and go into the church.]

[Captain HELM and BOND bring in ROCHEBLAVE, gagged and struggling.]

CLARK. Commandant, I have released the inhabitants from the rigor of a seige. But you I will not release. I intend to sell your slaves as a part punishment for your words and deeds against Americans, and I am about to send you back to Williamsburg to be dealt with according to our laws. Captain Helm, return the commandant to his cell and mount a guard over him until we are ready to send him back.

HELM. Very well, sir.

[HELM signals up several of his men, who take ROCHEBLAVE back through the gate.]

[VILLAGERS enter and set up arches of flowers on the paths at either side of the church, and before its door, with every sign of rejoicing.]

[Enter Captains BOWMAN, HARROD, and MONTGOMERY.]

CLARK. Good morning, gentlemen. The day is fine.

THE CAPTAINS. Good morning, colonel.

BOWMAN. Now that you have made the inhabitants happy, colonel, they tell us that we have only to go on to Cahokia to meet with a hearty welcome there.

MONTGOMERY. There are no British in Cahokia, colonel, and the news of the French alliance has won their hearts only less than your unexpected lenity.

HARROD. But I notice the British flag is still flying over Fort Gage.

CLARK. Take a detail of men and hoist our Stars and Stripes above it, captain.

[HARROD and his MEN pass through the gate. The British flag comes down, to come up again immediately with the American flag above it. As it rises, it is saluted with loud huzzas, in which the BORDERMEN and VILLAGERS join.

CLARK. Now three cheers for Patrick Henry, the first American governor of the Illinois country.

[ALL cheer heartily. HARROD and his MEN return.

MONTGOMERY. The French cheer, too, colonel, and many of them, militiamen, offer to go to Cahokia with us.

CLARK. That will be something to do immediately. Captain Bowman, your company is detailed for the occupancy of Cahokia. Supply yourselves with provisions and prepare to march. Captain Montgomery, take down the names of the French volunteers who will accompany the expedition.

[The door of the Brazot cottage flies open. BRAZOT comes out precipitately, MADAME BRAZOT following.

BRAZOT (falling on his knees before Clark). Oh, spare my wife, monsieur. She is still young and beautiful and ill prepared for death.

MADAME BRAZOT. Oh, spare my husband, monsieur. He is a liar and most worthless, but he is all I have.

CLARK. Look about you and see the rejoicing, and rejoice with the rest.

[BRAZOT and MADAME BRAZOT vociferate their thanks. The BORDERMEN pull them to their feet.

[Enter from either side of the church, YOUTHS and MAIDENS with FIDDLERS, who begin to dance and sing, a third company coming from the church itself to join them. Father GIBAULT and the ELDERS come from the church and stand as interested spectators.

THE YOUTHS AND MAIDENS

Children of France on a far frontier,
Gaily we dance in the best of cheer,
Gladly we sing for the world to hear
All on a July morning.

Far is our France and our hearts are there,
Yet is the Illinois country fair,
So shall we sing—and a fig for care!—
All on a July morning.

Round and around in a ring we go,
 Sweet is our song as we stand a-row,
 Merry our hearts as we sing, heigho!—

All on a July morning.

[The beat of drums is heard as the dance ends. Captain BOWMAN and his men, with the DRUMMERS, march in left, followed by the FRENCH VOLUNTEERS, the VILLAGERS cheering. They halt and come to attention before Clark.]

CLARK. Send back a messenger to tell me of your success, Captain Bowman. Good luck to you all!

BOWMAN. Very well, sir. *(To his men)*. By the left face, forward, march!

[The drums beat and the company marches off and out left of the church, the VILLAGERS cheering.]

(CURTAIN)

PART III — BATTLING AGAINST SLAVERY

Persons of the scene:

EDWARD COLES, second governor of the State of Illinois.
 Colonel NICHOLAS HANSEN, representing Pike county.
 Colonel ALEXANDER P. FIELD, representing Union county.
 Doctor GEORGE CADWELL, of Morgan county, State Senator.
 DAVID MC GAHEY, representing Crawford county.
 GEORGE CHURCHILL, representing Madison county.
 THOMAS MATHER, representing Randolph county.
 The Reverend JOHN MASON PECK.
 MORRIS BIRKBECK, of Albion.
 Colonel CARLINSO STICKBRIDGE, on his way from Kentucky to Missouri.
 MRS. NANCY SOWLES.
 SOLOMON SOWLES, husband to Nancy.
 BARTLEY HIDDLE.
 PHILIP BILLERY.
 JEREMIAH MC DALE.
 HENRY DE LERRY.
 INHABITANTS of Vandalia, men, women, and children, travelers and
 Negroes.
 State officials, members of the legislature, justices of the supreme court.

TRUMPETERS *come forth and flourish, as before.*

Enter, as before, the PERSONS OF THE PROCESSION, as follows:

Persons of the procession:

Patrick Henry, governor of Virginia, and Colonel John Todd, Jr.,
 county lieutenant of Illinois.
 Clark's Bordermen, with their women and children.
 Don Eugenio Pourre, with Spanish soldiers bearing the flag of 1783,
 and their Indian allies.
 La Balme and his volunteers, with French girls cheering them.
 General Arthur St. Clair, governor of the Northwest Territory.
 General Anthony Wayne and Captain Zebulon Pike, with soldiers of
 1794, bearing the flag with fifteen stars and fifteen stripes.
 Ninian Edwards, governor of Illinois Territory. Nathaniel Pope, first
 delegate to Congress.
 Shadrach Bond, first governor of the State of Illinois, and Achsah Bond,
 his wife. Pierre Menard, first lieutenant governor.
 American and British soldiers of the War of 1812.
 Pottawatomis, Kickapoos, Winnebagoes, and Sacs and Foxes.
 Pioneers with their women and children.

PROLOGUE *enters, as before.*

PROLOGUE

Thus Britain passes, and Virginia rules
 Her county of the Illinois. Old Spain
 Along our prairies for a moment spreads
 The flag Columbus knew. With generous hand
 The Old Dominion yields dominion here,
 And in the wide Northwestern Territory
 We lose our name, not our identity.
 Awhile in Indiana's arms we rest,
 Ourself her elder. War breaks forth anew:
 Our northern lands to massacre fall prey,
 And gallant deeds or ghastly light or stain
 Our weary pathway toward eternal skies.
 But here are laid foundations firm and deep
 Of justice, liberty, and faith in God,
 For every future free men may acclaim.
 Clark's frontiersmen return, our pioneers,
 The wilderness to conquer with the axe,
 The foeman, red or white, with rifle sure
 As any flash of fate. The starry crown
 Of statehood ours, straightway begins the strife,
 Which ye shall witness, against slavery.

The front of the first state capitol at Vandalia, as it appeared on February 12, 1823, is shown in the background: a plain two-story frame building of rude architecture, set upon a single stone foundation. On the ground floor the House of Representatives is in stormy session. To the right lies Copp's grocery, its corner with a rude porch fronting toward the capitol, itself built of logs. Throughout the scene there is a stream of visitors entering and leaving it, generally wiping their mouths with seeming satisfaction.

A crowd of men, with some women and children, is gathered about the entrance to the capitol, listening and peering in through the windows. It is a time of intense political excitement, shown constantly in the words and actions of the crowd. Men begin arguing, and in some cases take to their fists; in others, they begin with loud voices, are hushed by those trying to hear what is going on inside, and come down front to go on with the argument.

BILLERY and SOWLES, the latter with a black eye, come down.

BILLERY. They're going to throw Colonel Nick Hansen out'n the legislater—that's what them slave-owners are goin' to do!

SOWLES. Ain't they got the right?

BILLERY. No; they ain't got the right—it's onconstitootional—an' it's wrong.

SOWLES. Waal, they got the power—it all comes to the same thing.

BILLERY. No, 'tain't the same thing at all—'tain't right.

SOWLES. I tell yuh it all comes to the same thing.

BILLERY. I tell yuh it don't.

SOWLES. It dooes.

BILLERY (*with clenched fist ready*). See here, Sol Sowles, if you don't want that other optic o' yourn trimmed up for a funeral, you won't counterdic'.

SOWLES. Ah, shucks, what's the use o' gittin' huffy? Come on in an' have a drink, Phil.

NANCY SOWLES (*coming up in time to hear*). Solomon Sowles, you been fightin' agin, an' you been drinkin' agin; an' now you're going' drinkin' agin so you won't git to fightin' agin. You come on hum.

SOWLES. Oh, it's all right, maw. Phil an' me's friends; ain't we, Phil?

BILLERY. We ain't fightin', Nancy; we're jest a-argufyin' a leetle, that's all.

NANCY. Waal, you go on drinkin' an' you'll go on argufyin' into a fight. I know politics, I reckon.

[All go silent as a loud roar comes from the capitol. Voices are heard from within shouting and protesting, and the smack of the gavel shows the effort to restore order. A loud cheer, followed by catcalls, ends the disturbance.]

HANSEN (*coming through the capitol door*). By Heaven, they did it! I didn't think they'd dare.

MCDALE. Did they throw you out, Colonel Hansen?

HANSEN. They threw me out—after they'd given me my seat by unanimous vote more than nine weeks ago!

MCDALE. It's an infernal outrage—that's what it is!

HANSEN. It's just about as far as they can go. Now to beat the convention! A convention to amend the constitution! It's to bring in slavery, and that's all it is!

DE LERRY. What did you go an' vote agin the convention for yestiddy, colonel?

HANSEN. Because it means slavery in Illinois, Henry. And that means that you and the rest will have to work along with slaves—and be little better than slaves yourselves before you're done with it.

[There are cries of derision from the crowd, and a few cheers.]

DE LERRY. Oh, I reckon I can git along somehow.

HANSEN. Where's the governor?

DE LERRY. I reckon he's to hum, a-thinkin' up some way to free them slaves that ain't his'n.

[Exit HANSEN, left, excitedly.]

MCDALE. Waal, he freed them that was his'n fust, didn't he?

FIELD (*coming through the door*). Here, men, where's Sol Sowles? Have any of you seen him?

DE LERRY. He's down there by Copp's. O Sol, Colonel Field wants you!
[*Sowles and Nancy come up.*]

FIELD. Sol, I want you to take your best horse and make a run for John Shaw, up in Pike.

SOWLES. All right, colonel. I'll do anythin' you want.

NANCY. No, you won't—a-runnin' off a hundred an' thirty miles that-away. It'll kill your hoss.

FIELD. He won't have to go as far as that, Mrs. Sowles. We're relaying the news to Cole's Grove, and he'll only have to run the first relay.

NANCY. An' go an' tell that wuthless half-breed driver, John Shaw, that you've jest throwed out a better man—not one step!

SOWLES. Oh come, Nancy, John Shaw's the Black Prince o' the Kingdom o' Pike—that's what John Shaw is.

NANCY. Black Prince o' the Kingdom o' Satan—an' nothin' less!

FIELD. Well, are you going, Sol? It's a matter of haste.

NANCY. No, colonel, he ain't. He's half drunk now an' he's been a-fightin' an' he ain't got but one good eye to see out'n of. I ain't goin' to have him fallin' off no hoss an' gittin' kilt. Send a sober man.

SOWLES. Oh, Nancy, I ain't drunk; I jest been a-drinkin'—

FIELD. Here, De Lerry, will you go?

DE LERRY. If somebody'll lend me a hoss I'll go in a minute.

NANCY (*taking Sowles's arm*). Come on hum, Sol, and lemme put some vinegar on that eye o' yourn.

SOWLES (*trying to pull away*). He can have one o' my hosses, colonel.

NANCY. Oh, he can, can he? You sober, Henry?

DE LERRY. I ain't had but six today, Nancy.

NANCY. Will you promise not to take another till you git back?

DE LERRY. An' not have one to start me off? nor none when I git there? Oh, be reasonable, Nancy.

NANCY. Not one—or no hoss.

FIELD. Mrs. Sowles, this is business of state—of great importance. It can't wait.

NANCY. Waal, you needn't to wait on my account; I ain't helpin' to bring no more slaves into Illinois. Come on hum, Sol.

[*Exeunt, right, SOWLES and NANCY, he protesting.*]

FIELD. Has anybody got a horse he'll let this man take?

HIDDLE. I got a hoss o' my own, colonel, an' I'll ride down a piece for you. Bart Hiddle's my name.

FIELD. Good. Come in here a minute while I give you your instructions.

[FIELD and HIDDLE *exeunt into the capitol*.

MCDALE. You're a good un, Henry. Nancy Sowles acts as if she'd knowed you from birth.

DE LERRY. Waal, I ain't drunk, am I? I only had six.

MCDALE. No, you ain't so drunk you got to lie on your face an' hold on with both hands and feet to keep from fallin' off. But I wouldn't let you ride no hoss o' mine.

DE LERRY. What's wrong with my ridin' your hoss?

MCDALE. Nothin'; only I ain't got no hoss.

[HIDDLE *runs from the capitol and off, right*.

BILLERY (*coming up*). I ain't got no hoss, neither; but I wouldn't let you take him on no such errand.

DE LERRY. Why don't you vote for the convention and git a hoss?

BILLERY. Vote slavery into Illinois and git a hoss? Keep it out an' git two hosses, say I.

MCDALE. That's right. Git some o' them wealthy slave owners in here an' they'll own every hoss in Illinois!

DE LERRY. Here comes one of 'em now. Jest look at the kind o' man he is, and what he's got.

[STICKBRIDGE *enters around the grocery, right*.

STICKBRIDGE (over his shoulder). See that the thoroughbred gets a good rubbing down, Pharaoh.

A VOICE (*off stage, right*). Yes, massa; yes, massa cunnel, sah.

STICKBRIDGE. There seems to be some excitement.

DE LERRY. Yes, colonel. We're goin' to git slavery into Illinois if it takes a free fight—an' that's what it's come to.

STICKBRIDGE. That's good, that's good! How are you going about it?

BILLERY. Waal, they jest throwed one man out'n the legislater that had a puffick right to his seat, and they're puttin' a man in his place that ain't got no right to it whatsoever—that's what they jest done!

STICKBRIDGE. What are they doing that for?

MCDALE. Because they couldn't git to call a constitootional convention to bring slavery in no other way—an' it ain't goin' to git 'em very far, neither.

BILLERY. You bet it ain't!

STICKBRIDGE. It does seem a trifle highhanded, even to me. But why don't you have slavery without fighting against it? Look at me. I sent my overseer here to Illinois, and he reported back that there was no better land in the world than on the American Bottom here. But if I buy in there, I can't bring in my slaves nor set up my plantation, and so I'm going across to Missouri.

DE LERRY. That's jest what I been a-tellin' 'em, colonel.

BILLERY. Waal, it's thisaway, sir. I ain't no poor white trash, an' I ain't a-goin' to be.

MCDALE. An' I got childern growin' up, an' they ain't a-goin' to be no poor white trash to be looked down on, neither.

STICKBRIDGE. What has that to do with it?

BILLERY. Waal, I reckon down your way, colonel, they's jest two kinds o' white folks—them that's got slaves an' the slaves look up to, and them that ain't got no slaves an' the slaves look down on.

MCDALE. Billery an' me, we ain't got no slaves, an' we ain't got no way o' gittin' 'em—

BILLERY. An' what's more, we don't want 'em. I ain't brought up so delicate I can't wait on myself.

STICKBRIDGE. That sounds commendable—and true. Good day.

[*He enters the grocery.*]

MCDALE. There, Henry, there's your slave owner for you! He saw your tongue hangin' out'n your mouth for thirst and he wouldn't ask the like of you—nor me neither—to take a drink. We're jest poor white trash to him.

BILLERY. Never you mind. I'll buy you one leetle snifter. Then I got to go hum.

[BILLERY, MCDALE, and DE LERRY enter the grocery.]

[*There is a final outburst from within the capitol, and a smash of the gavel as the House adjourns. The crowd separates to let the legislators out, who gather about in knots, arguing violently.*]

FIELD (*coming out and standing on the step of the capitol*). Now, boys, get ready to vote for the convention. You've got until a year from next August to make up your minds in. We want to build a canal up around Chicago. We've got to give the French their rights to their property, whatever it is, slaves or what not. And we don't want the French to have any more rights than we free born Americans either, do we? (*Cries of That's right!*). We want to change our constitution to prove that all the power is in the people—in you who are standing before me—to prove that it is your constitution. We want labor for the Salines. That is where the State is getting its income and we musn't lose that and have to lay heavy taxes; and you all know that it takes black men to do the work there. Vote for the convention, boys, to change the con-

stitution and prove that you are free men still. (*There is much applause, and the arguing begins afresh.*) And now come on in the grocery and wet your whistles.

[*There is still louder applause.*]

THE CROWD. That's the colonel. He knows how to do it. Huzza for Colonel Field.

[*Many, including LEGISLATORS, go into the grocery with Field. Others remain in argument or conference. From time to time men come out of the grocery and go off by one or another entrance, returning with judges and senators for what is evidently a conference of the pro-convention forces within the grocery.*]

[*CADWELL, MATHER, CHURCHILL, and MCGAHEY come down front, all of them opponents of the convention.*]

CADWELL. That must have been a pretty stiff dose for you men to take.

CHURCHILL. But we don't have to take it, doctor. They'll have to take it themselves—and take the consequences.

CADWELL. It is my medical opinion that it will act as an emetic before the campaign is over.

MATHER. We can hardly say enough for Colonel Hansen.

[*MCDALE comes from the grocery and stands by, listening.*]

CHURCHILL. No matter what his motives were, he made a martyr of himself.

MCGAHEY. I suppose they've sent for Shaw by this time.

MCDALE. Yes, Mr. McGahey, they're sending on to Pike in relays—Colonel Field started Bartley Hiddle off on the run for the first one just after Colonel Hansen come out.

MATHER. Well, they've gone as far as they can until they get Shaw here. But they've got one other thing to override: They have got to pass a motion that one of their majority can move a reconsideration to get the motion before the House at all.

CADWELL. There won't be any trouble about that, not after Aleck Field moved Hansen out—after voting him in himself nine weeks ago!

CHURCHILL. By the way, where did Hansen go? (*To McDale.*) Do you know, Jerry?

MCDALE. Yes, sir; I heerd him say he was goin' to the gov'nor's.

MATHER. Well, we'd better join him and see what can be done. Come on, boys.

[*MATHER, leading the party, starts up left.*]

CHURCHILL. You'd better stay and keep your ears open, Jerry. The convention crowd will be for making more trouble.

MCDALE. They're all in Copp's now, lappin' up whiskey like a pack of thirsty pups.

MATHER (*almost off stage, upper left*). Here comes the governor now. And he's got Morris Birkbeck with him.

[*Enter COLES and BIRKBECK, upper left.*]

CHURCHILL. Better go in Copp's and see what's going on, Jerry.

MCDALE. 'Tain't a bad idee, Mr. Churchill.

[*MCDALE goes into the grocery.*]

MATHER. We're very glad to see you, your excellency.

COLES. Mr. Mather, if the president of the United States is satisfied with being Mr. President, there's no good reason for calling me anything but "governor"—and Mr. Coles is quite enough.

CADWELL. You're right, as usual, governor. "Doctor" is certainly quite enough for me, but for my portion I generally get "Doc."

COLES. This is a serious business, gentlemen, this expulsion of Colonel Hansen. In my judgment it is more than the good people of Illinois will tolerate.

MATHER. Where is Colonel Hansen now, governor?

BIRKBECK. I advised him to go back to Pike and begin the fight instantly. They know Shaw better there than anywhere.

CHURCHILL. Well done, Mr. Birkbeck. We like fair play, governor, and the convention men and Pike county know it.

COLES. It is my belief that they took the first step to their own defeat at the moment they thought they were advancing to victory.

MCGAHEY. Well put, governor; that's a good phrase for our proclamation.

CADWELL. Mr. Mather here has another nail to put in their coffin, governor.

COLES. That is interesting, Doctor Cadwell. What is it, Mr. Mather?

MATHER. Well, sir, as they can't possibly get one of us, the minority, to move a reconsideration of the vote for the convention Colonel Hansen has just made them lose—

MCGAHEY. I wish you might have seen their faces when he voted "no," governor.

COLES. I wish I might; it would have been amusing—to us, at least. As you were saying, Mr. Mather?

MATHER. Why, simply that they must decide that one of the majority may move to reconsider.

COLES. I wonder what my honored friend, Mr. Jefferson, that great parliamentarian, would say to that!

MATHER. It is one more bit of unfairness, that is sure.

[*Enter, left, the Reverend JOHN MASON PECK.*]

MCGAHEY. Here's the Reverend Mr. Peck, governor.

COLES. That is good news. (*Goes to PECK and shakes hands warmly*). Well met, Mr. Peck. We are in trouble, and you can be a tower of strength to us.

[*There are greetings all around.*]

PECK. You flatter me, governor. But I am glad to think that you regard my services, however humble, of any value in a good cause.

MATHER. We have been making an inventory of our anti-slavery resources, Mr. Peck, and I think you and Mr. Birkbeck here are our best available assets.

[*The crowd, which has been gathering around the group, begins to cry, Speech. Speech.*]

CHURCHILL. Mr. Birkbeck, won't you humor them?

BIRKBECK. Willingly, if the governor thinks it wise.

COLES. We cannot begin too soon, Mr. Birkbeck.

BIRKBECK. I am a poor man, my fellow citizens, that is to say I have no money. But I have a house to cover me and the rest of us, a stable for my horses, and a little barn, on a quarter of good land, paid up at the land office, with a middling fine clearing upon it. We help our neighbors, who are generally as poor as ourselves; some that are newcomers are not so well fixed. They help us in turn, and as it is the fashion to be industrious, I discover that we are all by degrees growing wealthy—not in money, to be sure, but in truck. There is a great stir among the landjobbers and politicians to get slaves into the country, because, as they say, we are in great distress; and I have been thinking pretty much about how it would act with me and my neighbors. I have lately seen people from Kentucky who are as bad off for money as we are—some say, worse—and as money seems to be all we want, and they want it just as much as we do, I don't see how these slave gentry are to make it plenty.

[*There are cries of That's so! They haven't any money.*]

BIRKBECK. The planters are great men, and will ride about, mighty grand, with their umbrellas over their heads, when I and my boys are working, perhaps bare-headed, in the hot sun. Neighbors indeed! They would have it all their own way, and rule over us like little kings. But if we lacked to raise a building, or a dollar, the devil a bit would they help us.

[*MEN have been coming from the grocery, and they rush at Birkbeck. Those already on the ground push and shove them with cries of Fair play! Let him speak!*]

CHURCHILL. That is enough, Mr. Birkbeck. They are making a better argument against themselves that even you can make.

PECK. I heard of the trouble riding in just now, governor. It seems to me that the slavery men are mad to resort to such measures as they have with Colonel Hansen and even now with Mr. Birkbeck.

COLES (*using the English pronunciation*). Quid Deus vult perdere prius dementat.

PECK. Of a certainty, sir. Ira furor brevis est. And from my informants on the road, they are certainly angry, as they are now.

[DE LERRY *leaves the grocery and runs off, left.*

MCGAHEY. They certainly were—as mad as hornets.

CHURCHILL. We may well dread their sting.

COLES. They will stick at nothing, gentlemen.

CHURCHILL. Except at us—they will assuredly stick at us.

MATHER. Now, governor, assured of Mr. Peck's and Mr. Birkbeck's coöperation, what other resources have we?

COLES. I dislike mentioning it, and I am sorry I can do so little, but the freeing of my father's slaves has not left me a rich man. Yet I believe money to be the sinews of war, and to this righteous war I will gladly devote all the money I receive from my office as governor.

MCGAHEY. Why, Mr. Coles, do you mean you'll spend the whole four years, a thousand dollars a year, four thousand dollars in all, to keep slavery out of Illinois?

COLES. Willingly, Mr. McGahey, and consider the money better invested than any money ever was in these United States.

PECK. May God bless you, Governor Coles. These are noble words. I congratulate you, sir.

CADWELL. Governor Coles, you have this day built for yourself a monument in the hearts of every honest soul in Illinois more enduring than bronze or marble.

[*All shake COLES's hand in congratulation.*

CHURCHILL. The good doctor knows all about monuments, governor, and I wish to add my felicitations to his expert opinion.

MCGAHEY. With such a leader, governor, we are certain to win.

[*It begins to grow darker.*

BIRKBECK. My friend and yours, George Flower, will be proud to hear this good news, sir.

PECK. And I can assure you that all my brethren of the cloth, whether Baptist or Methodist, are of one mind with us on this.

[*MCDALE and BILLERY come from the grocery to the group.*

MCDALE (*excitedly*). They're goin' to git all your money, gov'nor. They're goin'—

BILLERY. They're goin' to sue you on account o' your freein' your slaves, gov'nor.

MCDALE. An' they say they'll salt you down two hundred dollars for every darn' critter you freed.

BILLERY. An' that's as much as your hull salary for four year will come to, gov'nor, they say.

PECK. Of a certainty they are mad. A just and an outraged God is giving them into our hand, Governor Coles.

CHURCHILL. We do like fair play in Illinois, governor, and this is a dirty trick.

MATHER. You said before they are all drinking hard, Jerry?

MCDALE. Drinkin' like salt fish in fresh water, Mr. Mather.

BILLERY. But the more they drink, the more they mean it—and that ain't the wust of it, neither.

MCDALE. They're goin' to give you a chivaree up at your house, gov'nor; and you, too, Mr. Churchill.

BILLERY. An' they're goin' to burn Colonel Hansen in effigy; they're stuffin' out some old clothes now in there.

[DE LERRY comes back, right, with two DRUMMERS, and the three go into the grocery.

MCDALE. And they got all the judges and senators and sich in there, too, to help.

BILLERY. There go the drummers, now—and things.

[*There is a roll of drums within the grocery, and a wild clanging of pots and pans.*

PECK. Satan himself is prompting them to the service of righteousness, gentlemen.

CHURCHILL. That will be their fourth trampling down of fair play in a single day, governor. And Illinois loves fair play.

COLES. Well, gentlemen, if I am to be called upon by so distinguished a body of jurists and legislators in advocacy of chattel slavery in Illinois, the dignity of my office requires that I should be at home to receive them. Mr. Peck, you will be my guest for the night? Mr. Birkbeck is staying with me.

PECK. I shall be honored, Governor Coles. I will go in and get my saddle-bags.

COLES. No; walk on with us, Mr. Peck. Your horse and impedimenta shall be sent for.

PECK. You are most kind, sir.

CHURCHILL. I'd better go my way, too, and get ready for company. Good night, governor. We shan't be far away if you need help, sir.

COLES (*shaking hands all around*). Good night, gentlemen. And thank you particularly, Mr. McDale and Mr. Billery, for your timely informa-

tion. With hard work and honest work, we are already assured of keeping this beautiful Illinois country free for our descendants.

[COLES, PECK, and BIRKBECK *exeunt upper left*; the OTHERS of the group *lower left*.

[*The stage darkens and a tremendous noise comes from the grocery. The crowd outside gathers to hoot and jeer as the door opens and into the light streaming out comes a disorderly band of inebriated men behind the drummers in full action, several dragging the effigy of Colonel Hansen, others with flaring torches, and the rest belaboring pots and pans, prancing and capering, as they stream across the stage upper left.*

(CURTAIN)

PART IV — THE FRINGE OF FAME

Persons of the scene:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, captain of Illinois volunteers.
 WILLIAM KIRKPATRICK,
 JACK ARMSTRONG,
 JACOB COGARTY,
 GEORGE CRIGGS,
 MATTHEW HILVER,
 CORNELIUS VAN BUSK, of the Illinois volunteers.
 WILD GOOSE WING.
 Lieutenant ROBERT ANDERSON, assistant inspector-general, U. S. A.
 Lieutenant JEFFERSON DAVIS.
 ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

TRUMPETERS *come forth and flourish, as before.*

Enter, as before, the PERSONS OF THE PROCESSION, as follows:

Governor Ninian Edwards.
 Governor John Reynolds, with Illinois Rangers.
 Maidens bearing maize and wheat.
 Miners with coal.
 The prairie-breaking plow.
 Winnebagoes and Pottawotomis.
 Pioneers in wagons, at the last the Lincoln family, with Abraham, a
 bare-footed youth of twenty-one.

PROLOGUE *enters, as before.*

PROLOGUE

Potentialities undreamt of, powers
 Untried, are ours, along the sunlit ways
 Of fought for, earned, and honorable peace;
 So distant, so desiderated now.
 The steamboat's sudden shrill disturbs the old
 Harmonies of our rivers. From beneath
 Our far-horizoned plains is hewed again
 The coal which warms a world and lights what fires
 Of industry! The virgin prairies yield
 Their immemorial beauties to the plow,
 And where their blossoms followed the sun's face
 The lordly maize uplifts his emerald plumes,
 The golden wheat shines glorious as the sun.

The hardihood, the recklessness of youth
 Are ours. Our waterways we see in visions
 So linked that Commerce smiles in prideful ease;
 Our settlements so bound by welcome chains
 Of iron that prosperity is near.
 Then Black Hawk, of the race foredoomed of old,
 Drips like a meteor adown the night,
 And Lincoln touches first the hem of fame.

A sunlit opening in the woods is shown as it appeared in April, 1832, near Rushville in Schuyler county. It is filled with a company of Illinois volunteers for the second war with Black Hawk, engaged in all sorts of busy idleness. The election of officers for the company is about to begin, and WILLIAM KIRKPATRICK steps up on a stump near the middle of the stage to announce himself a candidate for the captaincy, aided by several of his followers.

KIRKPATRICK. Now, ladies an' gentlemen—I mean gentlemen—well, boys, anyhow—My name is William Kirkpatrick and I hereby nominate myself for the honorable position of captain of Company Q of the Hoonteenth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. An' I wish to ask you, one an' all, where was Washington at the battle of Waterloo? Why, he was standing by my side, receiving the surrender of the great Napoleon Bonyparty. Did he run? Did who run? He did not. He cried, "A hoss, a hoss; me kingdom for a hoss," and thus obtained the independence of South Carolina. I hereby declare the nominations closed. Do I hear a second to that declaration?

A VOICE. You do not.

A SECOND VOICE. Git off an' sit down, Bill.

A THIRD VOICE. Of course you don't. Shut up!

KIRKPATRICK. I do not. The nominations are therefore not closed. But all who think, as I do, that I'll make the best captain of the best company of the best regiment of the best old State in the Union, Illinois, will line up with me over yonder.

ARMSTRONG. Why don't you make 'em a speech, Abe?

LINCOLN. I shouldn't make 'em any kind of a captain, Jack.

ARMSTRONG. O' course you would. You kin lick anythin' in the camp. Didn't you lick me?

LINCOLN. But I joined because I was out of a job. What do I know about military matters?

CRIGGS. You know jest as much as Bill Kirkpatrick or any o' the rest of us.

ARMSTRONG. Oh, git up an' make 'em a speech.

[*Those around begin to cry, Speech. Speech. A speech from Abe Lincoln. LINCOLN, his face brightening, goes over with them and mounts the stump.*]

LINCOLN. Fellow citizens of Illinois, we are out to rescue our State and its defenseless women and children from the tomahawk and scalping knife of savages, with old Black Hawk at their head. I don' know any more about military matters than you do, as my friend George Criggs has just reminded me. But then, I don' know any less. If you think I'll make you a good enough captain, I'll promise you I'll make the very best sort of a captain I know how to be; and if you'll help me, I'll make you just as good a captain as you'll make soldiers—an' maybe a leetle better. I thank you.

ARMSTRONG. Come on over here, you Clary's Grove boys, an' help elect honest Abe Lincoln our cap'n. He kin lick anybody in the company, an' I kin lick anybody that says he can't—an' he kin lick me—he did, good and square, an' he kin do it agin. Come on, boys, all of you, an' vote for honest Abe Lincoln, the strongest and best man in the hull lot of us.

[ARMSTRONG takes LINCOLN's arm and leads him down, right, followed by CRIGGS and many more.]

COGARTY. Up here for Bill Kirkpatrick, gentlemen. Bill's a good fellow an' he'll make us a good cap'n. I've knowed him since he was born, an' he's never run away from an Injun yit.

[COGARTY goes up, left, to KIRKPATRICK, with others.]

HILVER (*going over to Lincoln*). He ain't never seen an Injun to run away from. Give him a chance once an' he'll beat us all a-runnin'.

VAN BUSK (*joining Kirkpatrick*). We want a good runner to ketch the Injuns—an' Bill's a good runner.

[*Loud cries follow of Vote for Bill! Vote for Abe! This way for the Honorable Bill Kirkpatrick! Step this way for honest Abe Lincoln! Lincoln kin lick the crowd! Bill kin beat 'em all runnin'. Three of every four go to Lincoln.*]

ARMSTRONG. Huzza, boys, Lincoln' elected!

KIRKPATRICK. Now, boys, give three cheers for Abraham Lincoln who gits the votes. Now hip, hip—

OMNES. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

COGARTY. An' a tiger-r-r!

OMNES. Tiger-r-r-r!

ARMSTRONG. Good luck, Cap'n Lincoln.

LINCOLN. I'm pleased to death, Jack. I didn't know I wanted it; but I never wanted anything so much in my life.

KIRKPATRICK (*shaking hands*). Good luck, Cap'n Lincoln. I wouldn't 'a' knowed what to do with it if I'd a-got it. An' that's the honest truth.

LINCOLN. Thank you, Bill; an' I don' know what to do with it now that I have got it. I feel like the fellow that climbed the bee tree past the bottom hole before he found it out. Being there, he just had to stay and take it.

A VOICE. What did he do, cap'n?

LINCOLN. Why, he just stayed—he's there yet—just as I am.

HILVER. What's the word o' command to git our company through a gate, cap'n?

LINCOLN. You tell 'em, "Halt! This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side o' the fence. Break ranks!" What else would you tell 'em?

HILVER. I don' know.

CRIGGS. We want a leftenant, cap'n.

LINCOLN. Why not Bill Kirkpatrick for leftenant, George?

VOICES. Why not? Bill's a good fellow.

ARMSTRONG. He got the next most votes, Bill did.

HILVER. Cap'n Lincoln, I do hereby move you, sir, that it is the unanimous voice o' this here company that William Kirkpatrick be its leftenant.

LINCOLN. You have all heard the motion. All in favor will manifest it in the usual manner.

OMNES (*with a roar*). Aye!

LINCOLN. Contrary minded? The motion is unanimously carried. I wish you luck, Leftenant Kirkpatrick.

VOICES. Speech. Speech.

KIRKPATRICK. Gentlemen and—and—others—and Cap'n Lincoln, I thank you from my bottom waistcoat button. I thank you.

A VOICE. You ain't got no waistcoat.

KIRKPATRICK. From where the bottom button of my waistcoat would be if I had one, I thank you. I thank you.

A VOICE. Oh, come off the stump.

KIRKPATRICK. I thank you one and all, and Cap'n Lincoln.

LINCOLN. And now three cheers for Leftenant Kirkpatrick. Hip, hip—

OMNES. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

LINCOLN. And a tiger-r-r.

OMNES. Tiger-r-r-r!

LINCOLN. Now, men, let's get down to business and begin drilling. Form in two ranks, the biggest men in the first, the runts in the second. Lieutenant Kirkpatrick, will you take command o' the rear rank?

KIRKPATRICK. Aye, aye, sir.

[The awkward squad forms and begins the usual evolutions.]

LINCOLN. Left foot first. Left foot first. Left foot is on the other side of you, Private Armstrong. Left foot, right foot, hay foot, straw foot. Now that you've got it, see that you keep it.

[The work is done seriously and intently, with occasional bursts of hastily quenched laughter. After several minutes it ends.]

LINCOLN. Halt!

KIRKPATRICK. Halt!

LINCOLN. Before dismissing the company, guards will be stationed. Privates Armstrong, Cogarty, Criggs, Hilver, Van Busk, station yourselves at the approaches to the camp until relieved. Armstrong, you are corporal of the guard.

THOSE NAMED. All right, cap'n.

LINCOLN. Lieutenant Kirkpatrick, will you name the men for the relief?

KIRKPATRICK. I will, Cap'n Lincoln.

LINCOLN. The company is dismissed.

KIRKPATRICK. Comp'ny's dismissed.

[The MEN NAMED take their stations, VAN BUSK upper right. The others group themselves, sitting and lying down. The lights grow dimmer.]

A VOICE. Tell us a story, cap'n.

LINCOLN *(taking out a jack-knife and beginning to whittle)*. Did I ever tell you how I got this knife. Well, just as I was walking down to enlist I met the awkwardest, slab-sidedest man I ever did see. Well, he stopped me and pulled this same knife out of his pocket and he says, "Stranger, I don' know who you are, and I don' care. But three years ago a fellow stopped me and gave me this knife, and told me to keep it until I found somebody homelier 'n I am. And, stranger, it's yourn."

[HILVER, on guard, upper left, fires his musket. Everybody, guards and all, rises and runs to him, except Van Busk.]

ARMSTRONG. What's the matter, Mat?

HILVER. I fired at an Injun carrin' a torch. There—there—see him?

KIRKPATRICK. See nothin'! Where?

HILVER. There—there—it's growing bigger an' he's comin' nearer. *(Begins reloading his musket feverishly.)* Why don' one o' you fire? Quick now—he'll git away!

LINCOLN. Why, Mat, that's the moon.

COGARTY. You darn' fool, can't you tell an Injun from the moon?

CRIGGS. Mat's tryin' to shoot the moon, boys!

LINCOLN. See here, men, it's all right for the rest o' you to come running up, but how about you on sentry duty? All the Indians in the world could come in on us if they didn't hit just this one spot. Con Van Busk is the only soldier in the company.

ARMSTRONG. You're right, cap'n.

CRIGGS. That's right, cap'n. I forgot.

COGARTY. Well, I won't do it again, cap'n.

[The THREE go back to their stations. The others group themselves as before.]

KIRKPATRICK. We got to be on our guard and remember this ain't goin' to be all fun. These Injun devils don' stop at nothin'. You ain't forgot all the defenceless women an' children that 'a' been murdered an' scalped.

VOICES. No, we ain't. Let us men with muskets git at 'em. They'll run from a man with a gun.

LINCOLN. Don't be too sure. We're fightin' Black Hawk, and he's an old man now; but he's a good fighter and he's up to all the tricks. You haven't forgotten Campbell's Island, have you?

VOICES. Tell us about it, cap'n. It's good listenin'.

LINCOLN. You know there were three boats sent up the river, back in 1814, with Leftenant Campbell and the regulars in one, and Illinois Rangers under Stephen Rector in another. They passed the rapids above Rock Island, the Rangers ahead, when Campbell's barge was struck by a heavy gale and driven on the island. While the men were getting dinner, Black Hawk and a horde of Sacs and Foxes opened fire on them, men, women, and children, without warning, killing and wounding.

VOICES. Blast 'em, the red devils! Wait till we get at 'em!

[The stage is brightening with the rising moon.]

LINCOLN. Rector saw the smoke down the river as the barge caught fire, and by good hard work steered down stream until he got between the Indians and their prey, and took every one off the burning barge, with nine killed, a woman and child among them, and sixteen wounded.

VOICES. Just like 'em, the dirty devils. We'll avenge 'em. No quarter for such villains.

VAN BUSK *(at his post)*. Halt! Who goes there?

WILD GOOSE WING *(entering upper right)*. Old Injun friend, me. Me got letter Gin'ral Cass. Me friend.

VOICES. It's an Injun. Kill him! Kill him!

[The CROWD gathers around Van Busk and Wild Goose Wing.]

VAN BUSK. Halt! Corporal of the guard!

WILD GOOSE WING (*producing letter*). Here letter Gin'ral Cass. See! Me good Injun.

[*The CROWD surges around him, threateningly. LINCOLN makes his way through it with difficulty.*

VOICES. He's a spy. The letter's a forgery. Kill him!

LINCOLN. Silence, men, fall back. I'll attend to this.

[*The CROWD falls back a moment, and begins to press forward again.*

VAN BUSK (*saluting*). He says he has a letter from General Cass, Captain Lincoln.

WILD GOOSE WING (*handing Lincoln the letter*). Wild Goose Wing me. Me hungry. Me lame. See.

LINCOLN (*reading the letter*). This is a safe-conduct for Wild Goose Wing, signed by General Lewis Cass.

VOICES. It's a forgery. He's a spy. How do you know he's the man?

[*The CROWD rushes at the Indian. LINCOLN rushes in between, throwing the foremost men aside.*

LINCOLN. Men, this must not be done. He must not be killed by us.

[*The CROWD falls back and surges forward again, with cries of He's a spy! Kill him!*

[*ARMSTRONG comes running in, pushing his way through the crowd.*

A VOICE. This is cowardly on your part, Lincoln.

LINCOLN. If any man thinks I'm a coward, let him test it.

THE VOICE. Lincoln, you're bigger and heavier than any of us.

ARMSTRONG (*making his way*). He can lick any of you.

LINCOLN. You can guard against that. Choose your weapons.

[*The CROWD begins to dissolve, and ARMSTRONG pushes his way finally to Lincoln's side, his musket in hand.*

ARMSTRONG. You could 'a' licked the whole lot of 'em, Abe.

LINCOLN. That was nothing. I had Van Busk here, and he's a good soldier.

WILD GOOSE WING. Me good Injun. Me 'fraid me dead Injun.

LINCOLN. Some of my men think they mean the same thing.

ARMSTRONG. That's what's the matter.

LINCOLN. Here, Wild Goose Wing, you're lame and hungry. Sit down here and I'll get you something to eat.

[*The lights go out, supposedly to rise upon the camp on the Rock River a month later. The company is grouped about as before, with other guards.*

[*Enter, left, to pass out right, Lieutenants ROBERT ANDERSON and JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

DAVIS. It's a long time since I saw you at the Point, Anderson.

ANDERSON. I left there in '25, Davis.

DAVIS. I left in '28, four years ago. But I remember you plainly.

ANDERSON. I think I remember you, too. But it's easier to recall the men older than you than the men younger, I find.

DAVIS. As assistant inspector-general of these militiamen, you must have your hands full.

ANDERSON. These men are all from Illinois, Davis, and directly under my inspection.

DAVIS. They don't look much like our regulars, do they?

ANDERSON. Hardly; but they make astonishingly good fighters, considering their lack of training. This is a pretty good company.

DAVIS. I've heard something of their fighting Indians. But how the regulars would mow them down!

ANDERSON. I'm not so sure of that, out here in the woods and tall grass. They fight Indian fashion.

DAVIS. You don't think, even at that, they could stand up to us?

ANDERSON. Remember what happened at Fort Dearborn twenty years ago. These men could quite give as good an account of themselves as ours did there.

DAVIS. They were overwhelmed by numbers and massacred.

ANDERSON. And Stephen Rector with his Illinois Rangers, just such men as these, pulled our man Campbell out, you remember.

DAVIS. Well, you're entitled to your opinion, but I think our southern men will do better when it comes to open fighting.

ANDERSON. This company has a good captain, and that makes more difference even than with us.

[*Exeunt DAVIS and ANDERSON, right.*]

ARMSTRONG. Do you know who that other officer is, cap'n?

LINCOLN. One of 'em is Leftenant Robert Anderson, o' course. I don't know who the other is, but you can tell he's a West Pointer by the way he carries himself.

ARMSTRONG. He's a fine lookin' chap. I wonder what his name is.

LINCOLN. Well, he probably isn't wondering what your name is, Jack, or what mine is.

ARMSTRONG. I wonder if I'll ever see him again.

LINCOLN. We're more likely to see and hear o' him than he is of us.

VAN BUSK (*coming up*). Who are you talking about, cap'n?

ARMSTRONG. That slim fine lookin' chap with Leftenant Anderson.

VAN BUSK. Oh, that's Leftenant Jefferson Davis. He's from Mississippi. I've heard he's sweet on Colonel Zachary Taylor's daughter.

LINCOLN. Curious, isn't it? what a start a thorough training in any profession will give a man. Now that young fellow might become president.

ARMSTRONG. President of the United States? I reckon not. I'll back you for as good a chance as he's got, Abe Lincoln.

(CURTAIN)

PART V—THE WEST'S FIRST SHOT

Persons of the scene:

Brigadier-General RICHARD KELLOGG SWIFT, of the Illinois State Militia.

Colonel BENJAMIN M. PRENTISS, commandant at Cairo.

Colonel SAMUEL S. TAYLOR, mayor of Cairo.

Captain JOHN H. CLYBOURNE, company B, Chicago Zouaves.

Captain JAMES SMITH, Chicago Light Artillery.

First Lieutenant (afterward Captain) CHARLES M. WILLARD, Chicago Light Artillery.

Third Lieutenant JOHN RUDOLPH BOTSFORD, Chicago Light Artillery.

FIRST ORDERLY.

SECOND ORDERLY.

Brigadier-General ULYSSES S. GRANT, lately colonel 21st Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Colonel RICHARD J. OGLESBY, commandant at Cairo, 8th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Colonel E. A. PAINE, 9th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Colonel JOHN MCARTHUR, 11th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Captain ANDREW HULL FOOTE, United States Navy.

Colonel MONROE STICKBRIDGE, of Missouri.

Colonel PINGLETON DIBKINS, of Kentucky.

A SCOUT.

THIRD ORDERLY.

FOURTH ORDERLY.

Illinois militiamen and volunteers.

Citizens of Cairo, men, women, and children.

TRUMPETERS *come forth and flourish, as before.*

Enter, as before, the PERSONS OF THE PROCESSION, as follows:

Persons of the procession:

Governor Thomas Ford.

The Railways, Canals, Factories, and Banks of Illinois.

The Illinois Colleges founded before the Civil War.

The Twelve Mormon Apostles, with soldiers of the Nauvoo Legion.

Governor Augustus C. French.

Brigadier-General Michael Shields, Colonels John J. Hardin, William H. Bissell, Ferris Foreman, Edward D. Baker, with soldiers of the Mexican War.

The Underground Railroad.

Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, with cheering followers.

Governor Richard Yates, with soldiers of the Civil War.

PROLOGUE *enters, as before.*

PROLOGUE

Slowly we grope our way thro' brightening shades,
Thro' ignorance and unfaith toward morning stars—
The soulless ignorance of selfishness,
The heartless lack of faith in humankind—
Until we hail the dawn and splendid sun.
We fight a greedy superstition here,
We conquer honor from repudiation,
And at the lasts confront old Slavery,
Enshrined, entrenched, yet shameless now
That heightened standards prove his wickedness.
War still is ours; we fight for liberty
At home and in the field. We found our schools,
Those constant guides on strait and narrow paths
The while we clamber up our mountainous ways.
In Mexico our sons approve their birth,
Dauntless, invincible, and generous.
Then broader knowledge, sounder wisdom bring
The deepening sense of spiritual things.
The South begins to smoulder, and the North
Takes fire thereat, and in the glow our Grant
Is fashioned to a blade of conquering flame.

The back of the scene is filled with a levee, covered with weedy vegetation, up which a wooden staircase rises to the top, a little right of center. On the crest stands one of the brass six-pounders of the Chicago Light Artillery, with fixed ammunition piled near, the men of the battery under Lieutenant BOTSFORD on guard, and militiamen patrolling its length. Under the shadow of the levee are tents for the ununiformed soldiers, who are standing and lying about. In the foreground, a little left of center, is the tent of General Swift, commanding, the Stars and Stripes flying on a staff in front of it, General SWIFT writing at a table within, the First and Second Orderlies in front. It is Cairo, Alexander county, in late April, 1861, and the inhabitants, men, women, and children, are strolling about as far as the sentries will permit, curious and eager at the preparation for immediate war.

FIRST ORDERLY. We made a mighty good run of it down from Chicago, Jim.

SECOND ORDERLY. Didn't we? I never went so fast in my life. How far is it, Bill?

FIRST ORDERLY. Somebody said it was 365 miles—that's an easy one to remember.

SECOND ORDERLY. Well, it was a mighty good run. We left at eleven o'clock Sunday night, made a long stop at the Big Muddy at five o'clock Monday morning—

FIRST ORDERLY. I wonder how Captain Haydon and his Zouaves are enjoying it!

SECOND ORDERLY. That's only six hours; and we had a good meal at Centralia.

FIRST ORDERLY. And got here at eleven o'clock last night. Nobody could have done better than that.

SECOND ORDERLY. And we're the first men off to war in the West.

FIRST ORDERLY. That's something for Illinois to be proud of.

[*Enter, left, Colonel TAYLOR. The FIRST ORDERLY steps up to him.*]

TAYLOR. I am Colonel Taylor, the mayor of Cairo. I saw General Swift last night, and I'd like to speak to him again.

FIRST ORDERLY. Certainly, Colonel Taylor?

TAYLOR. Yes, sir; I'm the mayor. My business is important.

[*The FIRST ORDERLY goes to General SWIFT and salutes.*]

FIRST ORDERLY. General Swift, Colonel Taylor, the mayor of Cairo, wishes to see you on important business.

[*SWIFT rises and goes to TAYLOR with a cordial greeting.*]

SWIFT. I'm glad to see you looking so well this morning, Colonel Taylor. It was good of you to board the train last night, and the information you gave was valuable. Have a chair.

TAYLOR (*seating himself*). Thank you, sir. As Senator Douglas says, "There can be no neutrals in this war; only patriots—or traitors."

SWIFT. And he added, speaking for all of us, "Thank God, Illinois is not divided!" So I find it here.

TAYLOR. But I am glad to see you and your boys down here just the same, general. I don't think you got here a minute too soon.

SWIFT. You told me last night that you had fears for the levees; that you thought they might be cut.

TAYLOR. It is a great relief to see your men on guard and the cannon posted to command the river.

SWIFT. I was given to understand that the Confederates were about to move upon the city.

TAYLOR. Both from Kentucky and Missouri, general. And this is a most important point, sir, for any further prosecution of the war.

[*A MESSENGER brings a dispatch which the FIRST ORDERLY takes and receipts for, bringing it to SWIFT.*]

SWIFT. Yes, indeed. We've taken steps to command both of the rivers. (*Takes the dispatch*). You will pardon me, sir, if I read my dispatch?

TAYLOR. Certainly, general. Don't let me interrupt you, sir.

[*SWIFT reads the message.*]

SWIFT. Orderly.

SECOND ORDERLY. Yes, general.

SWIFT. My compliments to Captain Clybourne of company B, the Chicago Zouaves, and ask Captain Smith of the Chicago Light Artillery to come here with him, immediately.

SECOND ORDERLY. Yes, general. [*Salutes and goes out, right.*]

SWIFT. This is interesting. (*Reads*). "Carbondale, April 22. Force of five hundred men recruiting here to destroy bridge over Big Muddy. Send help."

TAYLOR. You told me last night that you had left Captain Haydon and a company of the Chicago Zouaves there at the bridge.

SWIFT. Yes, colonel; but they could hardly hold it against such a force. But I've been expecting trouble there. The engineers on the train refused to cross the bridge at first.

TAYLOR. One of your men told me that you went over the bridge alone, bare-headed, shirt-sleeved, and your suspenders dangling, a shotgun in your hand.

SWIFT. Well, something had to be done to quiet the fear of bushwhackers.

[*Enter, right, the SECOND ORDERLY with CLYBOURNE and SMITH, who come up to SWIFT and salute.*]

SWIFT. Captain Clybourne, take company B of the Zouaves back to the bridge at the Big Muddy and report for duty to Captain Haydon, now on guard there.

CLYBOURNE (*saluting*). Very well, general.

SWIFT. Captain Smith, detail one gun and the necessary officers and men for service at the Big Muddy under Captain Clybourne's orders. Written instructions will be furnished you.

SMITH (*saluting*). Very well, general.

SWIFT. You will find the engine with steam up. Start immediately, gentlemen.

CLYBOURNE and SMITH. Very well, general.

CLYBOURNE (*going up, right*). Company B, Chicago Zouaves, fall in.

[*A number of men rise and form in fours.*]

SMITH (*going up, left*). Lieutenant Willard.

WILLARD (*coming forward*). Here, captain.

SMITH. Load one of the guns on the train again, and take your men under Captain Clybourne's order back to the Big Muddy to reinforce Captain Haydon.

WILLARD. Very well, sir. Battery, fall in.

[*A number of men rise and form in rank.*]

CLYBOURNE. Forward by fours. March!

WILLARD. Forward, march!

[*Exeunt, right, CLYBOURNE and WILLARD with their commands.*]

SWIFT begins writing.

[*Enter, left, Colonel PRENTISS. SWIFT finishes his writing before looking up.*]

[*TAYLOR rises and goes to meet PRENTISS.*]

TAYLOR. Why, how do you do, Colonel Prentiss? I'm glad to see you here, sir.

PRENTISS. How do you do, Mr. Mayor? This is a pleasure, and not an unexpected one.

SWIFT (*looking up*). Why, Colonel Prentiss, how do you do, sir?

PRENTISS (*shaking hands*). They've sent me down to relieve you, general.

SWIFT. Yes, I have had my orders. You will find everything in as good order as we have been able to command in so short a time, colonel.

PRENTISS. I'm sure of that, general.

SWIFT. I've just sent company B of the Chicago Zouaves and a gun with the Chicago Light Artillery back to the Big Muddy to reinforce Captain Haydon and company A of the Zouaves there. [*He hands Prentiss the dispatch.*]

PRENTISS (*reading*). That will take care of the situation, I'm sure. I think the dispatch a trifle exaggerated.

SWIFT. Orderly.

FIRST ORDERLY. Here, general.

SWIFT (*handing him the orders he has just written*). Take these to Captain Clybourne. You'll find him at the depot.

FIRST ORDERLY. Very well, general. [*Hastens off, right.*]

PRENTISS. I've just received a dispatch from Governor Yates on my way down, general. (*Reads.*) "The steamers C. E. Hillman and John D. Perry have left St. Louis with arms and munitions. Stop said boats and seize all the arms and munitions." The governor signs it as commander-in-chief.

TAYLOR. That shows the importance of occupying this point, gentlemen. You can cut off all supplies coming down both rivers.

PRENTISS. I see you have cannon posted, general.

SWIFT. On both rivers, colonel. This one takes care of the Mississippi. Orderly.

SECOND ORDERLY. Here, general.

SWIFT. My compliments again to Captain Smith.

SECOND ORDERLY. Very well, general.

[He finds SMITH up left, salutes, and they return to the tent together.]

SWIFT. Part of the battery is at Bird's Point, across the river in Missouri.

SMITH *(coming up and saluting)*. At your service, general.

SWIFT. Captain Smith, this is Colonel Prentiss, who assumes command. *[They shake hands.]*

PRENTISS. Captain Smith, I have just had a dispatch from Governor Yates stating that two steamers loaded with arms and munitions left St. Louis some time ago and are on the way down the river to give aid and comfort to our enemies. Have your men keep a sharp lookout.

SMITH. Very well, sir. Shall I fire on them, sir?

PRENTISS. Have you any fixed ammunition, captain?

SMITH. Yes, sir; four hundred rounds. Philetus Gates opened his foundry in Chicago last Sunday morning and cast cannon balls for us until the last minute.

PRENTISS. Admirable. Fire a blank shot, captain, and if they do not heave to promptly, send a solid shot across their bows. That will bring them to.

SMITH *(saluting)*. Very well, sir. I'd like to have the honor of ordering the first shot fired here in the West.

[SMITH goes up the steps to the top of the levee and confers with BOTSFORD, pointing up the river and conveying his orders inaudibly to the audience. This done, he descends and goes off, right.]

PRENTISS. What is the feeling hereabouts, Colonel Taylor?

TAYLOR. Very much better since General Swift got here, sir. I heard an old farmer say on my way down this morning, refering to the artillery, "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Mayor, them brass missionaries has converted a heap o' folks that was on the anxious seat."

PRENTISS. There was some secessionist feeling?

TAYLOR. Not much, since Senator Douglas sent out his message calling all his followers to the Flag to preserve the Union. That was a noble and a patriotic thing to do, sir, and it has cleared the atmosphere throughout Alexander country wonderfully. But I was glad to see the levees patrolled none the less.

PRENTISS. You feared they would be cut?

TAYLOR. I did, sir. We are too near slave territory not to have our suspicions.

SWIFT. The feeling across the rivers is bad, but not unexpectedly so. Douglas is powerless there—as powerless as Lincoln.

PRENTISS (*taking a newspaper from his pocket*). Here is the manner in which the governors about us have been replying to the President's demand for soldiers (*reading*): Governor Jackson of Missouri says, "Your requisition is illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhumane, diabolical, and cannot be complied with."

TAYLOR. He has a fine feeling for adjectives, hasn't he?

PRENTISS. And Governor Magoffin of Kentucky says, "Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister States."

TAYLOR. That means that the governor won't. Kentucky herself will give us plenty of men.

PRENTISS. And Governor Harris says, "Tennessee will not furnish a single man for coercion."

TAYLOR. He is mistaken. Governor Andrew Johnson, his predecessor, is as loyal as any man in the North.

SWIFT. I'm glad to hear you say so, sir.

TAYLOR. Well, gentlemen, I've taken up too much of your time already. Let me know if there is anything I can do for you in any way possible.

PRENTISS. Don't go yet, Mr. Mayor. We're likely to have word from one of those steamers at any moment now, and you'd like to see the first shot fired in the West, I know. Besides, there are some things we should discuss before General Swift returns to Chicago. Orderly. [*The FIRST ORDERLY salutes.*] See that we are not disturbed for several minutes.

[*The three let down the flap of the tent and are lost from view.*]

FIRST ORDERLY. There's mud enough here to build levees a hundred feet high.

SECOND ORDERLY. It's the chief article of domestic manufacture in Illinois. But didn't you know that Dickens and Trollope have both celebrated the mud here in Cairo?

FIRST ORDERLY. Well, what else is there to celebrate? If they need any more, we have some we can spare in Chicago.

SECOND ORDERLY. Oh, we're getting pavements here and there, down town anyway. Give 'em time here in Cairo and they'll pull themselves out.

[*A steamboat whistle is heard faintly in the distance.*]

FIRST ORDERLY. Wasn't that a steamboat whistle?

SECOND ORDERLY. I'll bet that's the C. E. Hillman.

FIRST ORDERLY. Don't you think we ought to tell them inside there?

SECOND ORDERLY. My guess is that we'd better wait until we're spoken to before we speak.

FIRST ORDERLY. Well, we don't want to get blamed for letting them miss anything.

[The whistle is heard again, louder. The tent flap lifts and PRENTISS'S head comes out.]

PRENTISS. Didn't I hear a steamboat whistle?

SECOND ORDERLY. Yes, sir. That's the second time she's whistled.

[PRENTISS, SWIFT, and TAYLOR come out. A steam calliope is heard playing the chorus of "My Darling Nelly Gray."]

[The soldiers in the background, interested at the first whistle, grow animated and begin running up the steps to the top of the levee, going down to the ends of it, right and left. SMITH goes up and takes command.]

PRENTISS. There she is. That must be the Hillman.

TAYLOR. Yes, colonel; that's her music.

[PRENTISS, beckoning the two ORDERLIES to accompany him, goes up the steps and stands near the cannon. SWIFT and TAYLOR follow and take their positions at some distance from it.]

[Under SMITH'S order the gun is loaded and swung around in aim.]

PRENTISS. You'd better fire, captain.

SMITH. Fire!

[BOTSFORD pulls the lanyard and the cannon booms.]

PRENTISS. She holds her course. Solid shot, captain.

SMITH. Load. *(The men obey. BOTSFORD salutes.)* Fire!

[The calliope goes silent, as the gun goes off.]

PRENTISS. That gets her. The solid shot did it. She's heading for this wharf. Captain Smith, stand ready to board her with your men.

SMITH. Very well, sir.

BOTSFORD. Well, there goes the first shot of the war for Illinois and the West.

[The lights dim amid the loud cheering of the men, to rise upon the same scene early in September of the same year. The levees are patrolled by men in uniform, and those in the background are also uniformed, as are the artillerymen.]

[Colonel RICHARD J. OGLESBY, commandant, is seated in the headquarters tent, with the THIRD and FOURTH ORDERLIES, also uniformed, in front of it. Colonels DIBKINS and STICKBRIDGE are before him.]

DIBKINS. Colonel Oglesby, sir, I am, like you, sir, a Kentucky gentleman.

OGLESBY. What is your name, sir?

DIBKINS. Colonel Dibkins, sir; Colonel Pingleton Dibkins, of the Four Crossings, sir.

OGLESBY. I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Colonel Dibkins. And what can I do for you?

DIBKINS. Some of your men, sir—I have reason to believe it was some of your men—were prowling around my plantation, sir, and they pounced upon and carried off three of my sucking pigs, Colonel Oglesby.

OGLESBY (*making notes*). My men are all in uniform, Colonel Dibkins. Have you seen a federal uniform near Four Crossings?

[*Enter, left, General GRANT in citizen's clothing. The THIRD ORDERLY goes to him and is given his name, but does not catch it. He ushers GRANT to the tent. OGLESBY looks up inquiringly.*

GRANT (*softly*). I am General Grant.

OGLESBY (*failing to get the name*). Won't you take a seat, sir. I shall be at liberty in a moment.

[*GRANT seats himself at the corner of the table within.*

DIBKINS. No, sir; I can't say that anybody has seen any of your men in uniform, sir. But then they wouldn't be likely to put on uniforms when they went a-stealing my sucking pigs, Colonel Oglesby.

STICKBRIDGE. I'd like to ask a favor of you, Colonel Oglesby.

OGLESBY. In just a moment, sir. You were saying that no men in federal uniform had been seen around your place lately, Colonel Dibkins?

DIBKINS. No, sir—yes, sir—that is to say—

OGLESBY. Let me assure you, sir, that my men have no other clothing, nor have they any means of getting across the Ohio River at this point, sir.

DIBKINS. But, sir, who else could have taken my pigs, sir?

OGLESBY. Didn't you ever lose any pigs before the war, colonel?

DIBKINS. Yes, sir; I occasionally lost a pig, sir. But I never lost three at once before, sir.

OGLESBY. Well, I'll promise that my men will never go to your place except in uniform, colonel, and that they shan't steal any pigs when they do.

DIBKINS. Yes, sir; that's very kind of you. Thank you, sir.

[*Exit DIBKINS, left.*

STICKBRIDGE. My name is Colonel Stickbridge, Colonel Monroe Stickbridge, of Bird's Point across the river, Colonel Oglesby, and I'd like to ask a favor of you, sir.

OGLESBY.—What is it, sir?

[*GRANT takes a sheet of paper from the table and begins to write.*

STICKBRIDGE. Your quartermaster at Bird's Point, colonel, is buying corn and hogs and other provisions all around me, sir, and I'd like to ask you to see that he buys of me also.

OGLESBY. You are selling at the same price as your neighbors, colonel?

STICKBRIDGE. Well, sir, I may be asking a little more, but it is only because I know I have better corn and fatter hogs.

OGLESBY (*writing*). I have a memorandum of your name, colonel, and I know the quartermaster will be glad to purchase if you can meet his terms, Colonel Stickbridge.

STICKBRIDGE. Thank you, Colonel Oglesby. Thank you, sir.

[*Exit STICKBRIDGE, left.*]

[GRANT *hands the paper upon which he has been writing to OGLESBY and rises.* OGLESBY *takes it.*]

OGLESBY (*reading*). "Order No. 1. The undersigned hereby assumes command of the military post at Cairo. Colonel Richard J. Oglesby, commanding, is hereby directed to turn over the command to the undersigned, and is assigned to take command at Bird's Point." Signed, "U. S. Grant." (*He springs to his feet, salutes, and holds out his hand*). I beg your pardon, General Grant, but I didn't catch your name when you came in, sir.

[GRANT *shakes hands, motions OGLESBY to his chair, and seats himself.*]

OGLESBY. I never dreamt it was you, sir. Will you forgive me, general. (GRANT *nods*). You are assuming command? (GRANT *nods*). And I am to take command at Bird's Point? (GRANT *nods*). The orders to take effect immediately, sir? [GRANT *nods, and OGLESBY rises.*]

GRANT (*motioning Oglesby to his seat*). What have you here, colonel?

OGLESBY (*taking his seat*). Two good regiments, general, the Ninth Illinois, Colonel E. A. Paine, and the Eleventh Illinois, Colonel John McArthur, with the Chicago Light Artillery, Captain Willard, at Camp Smith, three miles up the river. Would you like to meet these officers, general? (GRANT *nods*). Orderly.

FOURTH ORDERLY. Yes, colonel.

OGLESBY. General Grant's compliments to Colonels Paine and McArthur, and will they attend him at headquarters immediately.

FOURTH ORDERLY. Yes, colonel. [*Exit, left.*]

[*Enter, right, the SCOUT. He whispers to the THIRD ORDERLY, who brings him to the tent.*]

SCOUT (*saluting and addressing Oglesby*). Colonel,—

[OGLESBY *directs him to Grant with a wave of his hand.*]

SCOUT (*saluting*). Colonel—(GRANT *shakes his head*). General—(GRANT *nods*). General, I've been out a-scoutin' for Gin'ral Frémont, an' I'm jest across the river from Kaintuck. Gin'ral Jeff Thompson is twenty miles down the river—

GRANT. What river?

SCOUT. The Mississipp', at Columbus, an' is about to move on Paducah, sir.

GRANT. How many men?

SCOUT. About a thousan', gin'ral, an' more comin' all the time.

GRANT. Thank you.

[The scout stands for a moment, silent and rather perplexed, and goes off, right.]

OGLESBY. That's interesting.

GRANT. I'd like to make it interesting for old Jeff Thompson.

[Enter, with FOURTH ORDERLY, Colonels PAINE and MCARTHUR, left. They salute and shake hands with GRANT.]

GRANT *(after the greetings)*. Orderly. *(Begins to write)*. My compliments to Captain Foote. Bring him back. Hasten.

[Exit THIRD ORDERLY, right, running.]

GRANT. Just in time, gentlemen. Your command ready to march, Colonel Paine?

PAINE. Yes, general, the Ninth Illinois is ready.

GRANT. Yours, Colonel McArthur?

MCARTHUR. Yes, general, the Eleventh Illinois is ready.

GRANT. Good. Orderly.

FOURTH ORDERLY. Yes, general.

GRANT *(handing him what he has just written)*. Get this on the wire to Captain Willard.

[Exit FOURTH ORDERLY, left, running.]

Enter, right, the THIRD ORDERLY, with Captain FOOTE, who salutes GRANT.

GRANT. Transportation for two regiments and a battery, Captain Foote?

FOOTE. Yes, general.

GRANT. Steam up?

FOOTE. Yes, general. The Tyler and Conestaga are lying ready.

GRANT. Order your men aboard, gentlemen. The battery will be here.

[PAINE, MCARTHUR, and FOOTE salute and exeunt.]

OGLESBY. You'll get there first, general?

GRANT. Always get there first, Colonel Oglesby.

[The sound of drums is heard, followed by a band striking up "John Brown's Body," and the two regiments swing in, their colonels at their head, upper left, and pass out lower right, the men singing.]

(CURTAIN)

PART VI — (FROM LOCAL HISTORY)

The procession, prologue, and scene are to be written from the local history of the celebrating community.

At the fall of the curtain on Part VI, the TRUMPETERS come forth, as before, escorting PROLOGUE, who speaks.

PROLOGUE

Peace lights her altar lights once more, and we,
 Busy so long in searching out our store
 From field and forest, industry and trade,
 Look up and find the shrine of beauty here.
 Loveliness of soul, sanctity of spirit
 Alike are blossoming beneath our dome.
 No more we plead the sad excuse of Cain,
 But know all men our brethren; and no more
 Disdain as worthless Art, so heavenly fair!
 Wedded to peace, who brings such gifts, are we;
 When on a sudden wakened as from sleep
 Far to the east a conflagration bursts,
 And all our skies are overcast and dim,
 Lurid with hate and flickering with fear.
 We, who had doubly warred for independence,
 For freedom from the savage, Texas unchained,
 All slaves made freemen, Cuba's bonds dissolved,
 We, Illinoisans and Americans,
 We and our Sisters, Liberty's children all,
 Arise to strike another blow for Freedom.
 A final blow, whereby to end all war.

There follows the PROCESSION OF THE NATIONS, as follows:

America, with soldiers and sailors.

Serbia, Montenegro, Belgium, France, Russia,

Great Britain, with England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales; Canada, South

Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, India, Egypt;

Italy, Portugal, Rumania, Poland, Bohemia,

Japan, China,

Brazil, Cuba, Panama, Guatemala, Liberia,

Illinois, with the Centennial Banner borne by groups of American soldiers from the previous wars—the Revolution, 1812, Black Hawk's, Mexican, Spanish, and Civil Wars.

These last will sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." at which the audience will rise and sing with them.

THE END

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